

SPECIAL CRIME  
BOOK BONUS:

**A FLESH PEDDLER IS DEAD**



# stag

The 10,000  
PARTY GIRLS of MUNICH

FEB.

25c



He Had to  
Use the Knife

(A Savage Arctic Adventure)

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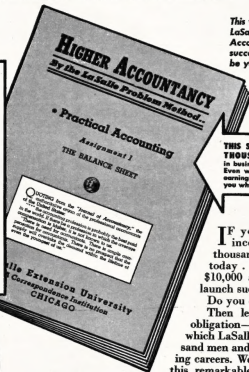
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City, Zone & State.....

Present Position.....



# stag

February, 1956

Vol. 7, No. 2

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Circulation Director

Advertising Director  
SID KALISH  
655 Madison Avenue,  
New York 21, N. Y.

Midwest  
WILLIAM R. STEWART  
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For over a century, Donner Pass has been killing people.

The snow-swept gateway to California keeps defying the world's best engineers, who have been breaking their backs to reduce the death toll. A couple of years ago it held the crack streamliner City of San Francisco in its icy grasp for three days. On page 28 one of the passengers on this ill-fated trip tells his story, "... Train Delayed ... Maybe Forever ..."

But the grasp was broken, though all the passengers didn't realize it. It was broken by a combination of old-fashioned newspaper ingenuity and the blizzard-defying courage of two expert skiers.

The skiers were holed up comfortably in Nyack Lodge, a resort in Emigrant Gap, when the lodge proprietor, Hersten Jones, got a long distance call from Long Island, New York. It was 10 P.M. on the third night of the passengers' ordeal. The phone call was from the managing editor of *Newsday*, Alan Hathaway, who had learned that Nassau County Executive J. Russel Sprague was aboard the stranded train.

Hathaway asked Jones whether it would be possible to get expert skiers to make the hazardous night trip to the train with a list of questions to be asked of Sprague.

"I don't know," said Jones. "It's still snowing here and it would be a rough trip to make at night. But I'll see if I can find someone."

This call had been made on the last telephone line remaining open into the snow-covered Sierra Nevadas. It was another hour before communications between the East Coast and the lodge were re-established. The list of questions was then relayed to two skiing daredevils, Alex MacKenzie and Melvin Slave, and by 12 midnight, local time, they had started out on their trip. Rough, indeed, but the paper

had promised pretty good pay.

Jones told Hathaway, when the skiers left, that the 11-mile round trip would probably take four hours, but, as it developed later, it took four hours just to reach the train.

At 6:30 A.M. Jones called *Newsday* to report that the skiers had not yet returned, but he had found a man who had just returned from the first mercy mission to

reach the train. Luigi Barbieri was one of the veteran mountain men who volunteered to carry food to the ice-bound streamliner. Barbieri told a rewrite man over the phone what things were like for the stranded passengers, and while he was talking, MacKenzie and Slave turned up at the lodge.

Both MacKenzie and Slave live in the rugged mountains the year round, and they said they had never seen such heavy snows. There was so much snow around the train, MacKenzie said, that he didn't see how they would ever get it clear. But the snowplow was chugging along steadily, and had only been a mile and a half from its goal

when the skiers started their trek back from the train.

**T**HE rest of the story is one of dictation over long distance phones, typewriters rattling and copy boys running from editorial offices to composing room as each page of the interview was finished, so that the paper could get on the streets with a national beat.

As a matter of fact, this was not only a beat, but a scoop, which is much rarer, being exclusive news that the opposition papers have to pick up from the victor. A beat merely means that a paper has managed to get on the street with the news ahead of its opponents.

Who says that the days of adventure in the newspaper business are over? It looks pretty lively to us when a local county paper can scoop the great *New York Times* and all the press services.

**F**OR the last year, we've been polling readers to find out what we can do to improve STAG. Even before all the tallies were counted, one thing came through: MORE CARTOONS! You'll find our answer to your request scattered liberally throughout the pages of this issue. ♦♦♦



"You'll be happy to know, dear, that this is one time your worst suspicions were true."

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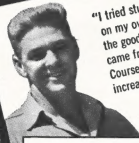
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## Medical Memo

by Roger Stirling

**GI ULCERS**—Join the Army and develop ulcers. Latest communiqué from military medicine shows that more peacetime GIs acquire ulcers than did soldiers during the 1942-45 war years. So it's not combat that brings on the tensions leading to ulcers. Just as important, says a Philadelphia specialist, are feelings of frustration, separation from family and "lack of purpose." Aggravating peacetime factors are the elusive lure of easy life and the hope of being evacuated Stateside.

**ITCHY FEET**—It's not true, as most men believe, that acute fungus infections such as athlete's foot and ringworm of the feet are picked up from other infected persons or from contaminated shower rooms, carpets, slippers and towels. Four New York dermatologists came to this conclusion after exposing 45 fungus-free men to foot baths loaded with fungi. Active fungus disease, the doctors found, was really due principally to the lowered resistance of a man's skin to fungi that had previously been latent. It's useless to sterilize suspected objects with fungicides or use stagnant foot baths in public swimming pools. In fact, some chemicals used for the purpose may cause allergic irritation. Best way to avoid fungus infections is to raise your skin's resistance. Wool or

toes and washing feet with non-alkaline soapless detergents are all good protective measures.

**DEPRESSING DIET**—Feeling lazy and disagreeable? Maybe it's because you're not getting enough to eat. A



well-known Spanish authority on nutrition tested a batch of healthy young men, serving them only 1,000 calories a day—2,500 below normal. Then the men were subjected to such light activity as walking a treadmill. After three weeks, the men were depressed and not at all interested in work or food.

**WHAT CAUSES A DRIP**—These winter months, you—and many thousands of other men—may be suffering from that annoying, uncomfortable condition known as postnasal drip. This is an accumulation of thick, viscous mucus just above your soft palate which you swallow unconsciously. It results from something that's gone haywire with your nasal physiology. Among the various factors causing your drip, says a Massachusetts nose-and-throat specialist, are overheated and under-humidified offices and homes, usually during mid-winter. Dryness in the air increases the mucus content of your nasal secretions. Emotional upsets, endocrine, metabolic and dietary factors also may stimulate postnasal drip. Since the origins are so varied, treatment is difficult and no one remedy is effective for all patients.

**IS TB DOOMED?**—With uncanny accuracy, a shot of a small amount of tuberculin will show up TB in an infected man even before chest X-rays disclose any signs. This test has become the master key to the tuberculosis problem. Minnesota researchers claim, after a 28-year study. If you're infected with TB, you'll become a "reactor" to the test within a few weeks after infection. At this early stage, the new auto-microbial drugs may destroy the bacilli. In later stages, the curative drugs may not be so potent. The idea is to catch the germs through the tuberculin test before they can invade your body. Doctors predict that mass testing may mean "tracking down and destroying the last tubercle bacilli."

**IN BRIEF**—High frequency waves are now being used to cure sinusitis. A New Zealand doctor reports that the ultrasound treatment, successful in nine out of 10 cases, shrinks congested nasal mucosa, allowing drainage to take place spontaneously. . . . No matter what treatment a patient gets today, if a man has lung cancer his chance of survival is slim. Even 1,000,000 supervoltage X-ray therapy does not have an appreciable influence on advanced cases. New York radiologists say. . . . Near-freezing temperatures evidently don't damage your heart, it's that tough. Studies by Cali-



cotton moisture-absorbing socks, instead of nylon or rayon, cut down the tendency of your feet to accumulate excess moisture. Regular use of foot powder, inserting lamb's wool between



fornia doctors indicate that deaths from exposure to cold are caused by failure of the circulatory and breathing apparatus in your body, rather than by freezing of the heart tissues. ♦♦♦





**GEE! IT MUST HAVE  
TAKEN YEARS TO  
LEARN TO PLAY  
LIKE THAT!**



**NOT AT ALL! I DIDN'T KNOW  
A NOTE. YET I STARTED  
PLAYING WHOLE PIECES  
RIGHT AWAY!**

# Wonderful, Easy Way to Learn Enables You To PLAY REAL MUSIC Almost Overnight!

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EVEN IF YOU DON'T KNOW  
A SINGLE NOTE OF MUSIC NOW!**



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IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY

**YOU Can do ALL I did!**

I gained **25 Terrific LBS. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES** all over!

I improved my **HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%**

I won **NEW STRENGTH**

for money-making work!  
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I won **NEW POPULARITY**

Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS  
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**Win  
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You'll be a Real ATHLETE in ALL SPORTS Soon after YOU mail Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.

How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These **5** PICTURE PACKED HE-MAN COURSES

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BEFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK Millions Sold for \$1

GET ALL 5 FREE

"I gained 60 lbs. of muscles," says John Still.

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

"I added 7 inches to my CHEST 3 inches to each ARM," says Jobie Jackson

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP

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HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY LEGS

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

YOU CAN WIN a BIG 15" SILVER CUP as I just did! with YOUR NAME engraved on it!



JIM NORMAN

**AFTER**

He Mailed Coupon Below is Cleveland

**BEFORE**

He Mailed Coupon

90 lb. Skeleton He says, I gained 70 lbs. of mighty muscle



COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY in YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did and I'll give YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

"Congratulations, John! At last you mailed the coupon as EVERY MAN should. Soon You'll be as big and strong as I am," says Jim Norman to John Luckus

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Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

**YES!** You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.



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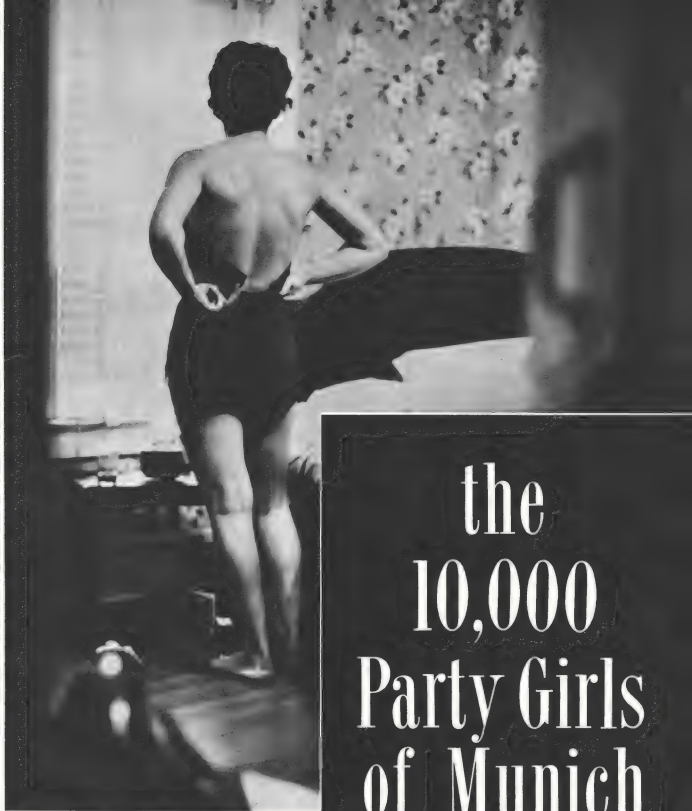
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AMAZING SECRETS HOW TO WIN MUSCLE AND STRENGTH WITH THESE 5 FREE COURSES! MAIL YOUR COUPON TO: JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING 820 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N.Y. WIN \$100, etc. IN 10 MINUTES A DAY!

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the  
10,000  
Party Girls  
of Munich

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE ►



From "coffee-break" morning clients to the last late strollers, Munich's streetwalkers don't miss a bet in their 24-hour trade.

**Tight-sweatered, hip-swinging queens of the streets are clogging up the sidewalks and bars in a frantic fight to earn enough to live on.**

by PHILIP NELSON



The sleek white rat crawled along the prostitute's arm in the Munich café-bar, nipping the girl playfully. With a practiced movement, she jerked her hand, flipping Hansi down to her elbow. The prostitute's pet began to climb her arm again in a repetition of the scene.

The girl, a licensed seller of her own flesh, is one of an estimated total of 10,000 professional and amateur prostitutes that prey on U.S. servicemen in Munich, keeping American MPs and the German vice squad busy around the clock.

She and her Teutonic sisters have changed this ordinarily placid, beer-loving home of storied *Gemütlichkeit* into a new sin city of the Western world.

Shockingly, there is also one American girl—victim of a broken love affair with a U.S. soldier—who has turned to prostitution in Munich.

This café and several dozen similar bars flash their neons every night, beckoning the GI inside for 25-cent bottle beer and women whose prices range from arrogant Carmen's \$12.50 an hour to tired Honnelore's \$2.50 a night—less if she has no other prospect in view.

Like a growth of fever blisters clustered around a fester-

ing sore, Munich's "GI bars" trail out from the city's main railway station in three directions.

Eye-catching and garish, with English-language signs proclaiming "Dancing Tonight" and "Hostesses Inside," the bars lure the all-GI clientele through their doors into a smoke-jammed atmosphere rocking with the tumult of shrill voices and blaring juke-box music. Most notorious are the dens of Goethe Street, named—or misnamed—for the great German poet.

Sweatered, hip-swinging queens of the streets, hundreds of them on this one street alone, openly stalk potential customers, shrilling the accumulated vulgarity of two languages. The "inside" girls jerk provocatively from table to table shouting for some one to "buy me a drink" and "take me home, honey, I'm tired." Here, the bare facts of life are discussed in the barest manner possible.

The street is fast becoming as legendary as Hamburg's Herbert Street, the Marseilles waterfront and the Via Roma in Naples.

Recently this district near Munich's railroad station so shocked a visiting English clergyman that he denounced the area as reminiscent of the notorious fleshpots of Port Said, London's Piccadilly Circus and the Place Pigalle in Paris.

The clergyman, the Reverend Bernard Croft, writing in the weekly Church of England newspaper, declared he had seen in the Munich railway station district "dozens of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14





One of the town's most notorious sidewalk cafe and bar vice-traps offers blaring music and "better-class" girls.

The area of concentrated sin-peddling around the railroad station keeps MPs and the local vice squad alertly on their toes.





The Coca Cola signs look homey and American, but the gin mill's real attraction for young soldiers is not so sweet.



Inside the bars, the girls plunk themselves on GI laps, chiseling drinks and shrilly drumming up after-hours trade.

## The 10,000 PARTY GIRLS OF MUNICH continued

hard-drinking spots full of GIs and the women of the streets." He said that "on any evening drunks of both sexes abound."

The Reverend Croft went on to say: "Two things are especially noticeable about these GIs. One, their extreme youth: I asked what was the minimum age for this overseas tour of theirs and was told 17—and they looked it, and acted like it.

"The other thing is," the Church of England vicar continued, "to what a fine art their military police have brought the practise of turning a blind eye."

He said one group of drunken young American soldiers bawling the song "God Bless America" on the sidewalk "drew no more than a friendly greeting from a passing patrol of MPs.

"Apparently," the Rev. thundered in conclusion, "a GI over there today has to be actually engaged in an affray with knives or be committing rape on the sidewalks to draw any corrective attention."

Not so, roared an indignant answer back from U.S. Chaplain (Capt.) Francis A. Knight, of the 5th Infantry Division.

"I have never seen an instance when it might be said American soldiers are running wild," Chaplain Knight declared.

The chaplain said there was no basis for comparison between the Munich railroad station district and the flesh-pots of Egypt, Britain and France. "I have been in the Munich station area many, many times at night and I have never found anything that would, in any way, prevent my being a gentleman."

Chaplain Knight added that the picture was drastically exaggerated by the English vicar.

If, as Chaplain Knight suggests, the picture is exaggerated, the fact remains that prostitutes openly solicit Americans in the railroad station and clutter both entrances to the U.S. waiting room. And, 100 yards from the station, a U.S. serviceman can purchase pornographic literature and marijuana cigarettes from most of the professional prostitutes and the washroom attendants in the Goethe Street bars.

In Munich, a man bent on sin can fulfill his desires on as grand and diverse a scale as in any city in the world.


On the front page of the local tabloid a few months ago, blaring red-type headlines announced the suicide of the chief of the Munich vice squad. Jokers around town said the job was enough to drive any man to his death.

This same newspaper, incidentally, was fined \$750, by a German court for exposing the city's sin-ridden night life in a series of sensational articles. While the court did not question the accurate appraisal of the sordid picture of Munich after dark, it nevertheless levied the fine against the paper for printing articles "dangerous to the morals of youth."

The paper paid the fine and ran a cartoon of a blindfolded Lady Justice holding a scale balanced in favor of sin over truth. The caption said: "To do wrong is not evil—only to write about it!"

The spectacle of sin chasing the GI is not a new one for American military officials in Germany. Since the triumphant sweep of Allied armies across the European continent 10 years ago, sin has been the first and most persistent camp follower of occupation.

Army officials in Munich are not complacent. MPs do patrol the city constantly, functioning smoothly when it is a matter of breaking up a fight *(Continued on page 78)*



Aiming at the fat dollar,  
the night clubs feature  
"lingerie shows," "exotic  
beauty dancers" and "Ameri-  
can-style strip teasers."

"Get out of my way!" I screamed, "I'm coming through!" And as I headed for the British guards, I could hear the Chinese bullets whining around my feet.

# I'm the Man from Nowhere



by **MICHAEL PATRICK O'BRIEN**

as told to Stephen Mastersen



The bridge to Hong Kong and freedom was just 100 feet away from my hiding place. I crouched under the boxcar on the railroad siding and watched the prisoners about to be released. In another moment they would walk with Red Cross aides across the railroad bridge, and the rain that was pouring down in the driving typhoon would mean nothing to them because they were on their way to freedom—while I crouched, hunted and harried like an animal.

If I made a running break for it, I knew I would be shot down, and if the bridge guards gave any explanation at all to the British at the other end, it would simply be that a criminal had escaped jail. But if I could mix in with the

men being released, perhaps the guards would not count noses too carefully, and maybe that way I could escape. And if they did make an accurate count and found one man too many, then I could chance the break for freedom. There was no other way out. And I *had* to get out.

That break for freedom only climaxed the series of messes that I had been in since early in the war. But it was not to be the last.

It all goes back to—where? To my birth, I guess. You see, I had the bad luck to be born in a little backwater community in an Alabama swamp. Well, 45 years ago folks didn't pay much attention to things like birth records, and so my birth was never recorded officially. When





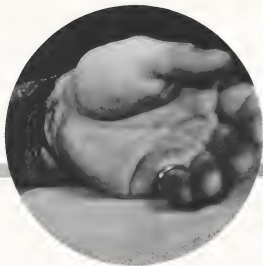
I was 15 I ran away to sea, and after a time I sort of made Melbourne, Australia, my home port, and I just naturally became more or less of an Australian. I belonged to an Australian seagoing union, and I generally shipped out on Australian or English ships.

When the war broke out, I was an able-bodied seaman on a freighter, a ship called the *Maimonides* that flew a Greek flag and was running between Yokohama and Genoa, by way of all ports between. We had left Yokohama and were running down the China coast when the radio broke the news about Pearl Harbor. The crew was mixed up, mostly Greeks and Malays; I was the only Aussie aboard—or Alabama-Australian, you might say. A hurri-

cane began to shape up that night, and we were all worried because this tub had a tall deck load, and she wasn't very seaworthy anyhow, being about 30 years old.

The captain changed course so we would run close to land, which was bad judgment. In deep water we might have ridden out the hurricane; inshore we stood a fine chance of running aground. Which we did. I was standing graveyard watch when she struck rocks with an ear-splitting roar. It was as if the old ship screamed in agony when she felt the rocks rip her guts out.

The shock threw me into the sea. I was wearing my life-jacket, because the seas had been breaking over her for several hours. I knew there was (Continued on page 68)



She was 26 years old, five-foot-two, less than 100 pounds, reddish-blond hair, blue eyes—and probably dead.



# "My Wife Is Missing!"

by **LYLE J. CAMPBELL**, Chief of Police, Columbia, S.C., as told to Ken Jones



The hands of the clock behind the heavy wire mesh around the desk sergeant's compartment in the Columbia Police Department stood almost straight up for 12 o'clock of a raw, cold night at the bitter end of January.

"Pretty near time for change of watch, Bob," observed easygoing Sergeant Fred Kelsey to his watch mate, Department Clerk Bob Cothran. "And I bet the boys outside are happy about it, too!"

Cothran was about to reply when both men were impelled to silence by the banging of a distant door and the rapid approach of firm footsteps—marching footsteps, they

seemed—along the wooden-floored corridor leading from the entrance.

"Is this where I report a missing person?"

The visitor who strode through the door was as striking an individual as either ever had encountered. He was tall—better than six feet—and the meticulously tailored uniform of a U.S. Army lieutenant which he wore left no doubt that he was magnificently built. He was compellingly handsome, he carried his well shaped head with just a touch of arrogance, his voice was deep and resonant and even in one short sentence his clipped inflection revealed the habit of command.



On a cold, raw, February day, we lifted Mary Lee's body from its grave and took it to the coroner's office for the autopsy.

"My wife is missing. I want to make a report!" elaborated the officer impatiently, disregarding the obvious fact that his striking personality, bearing, and manner had momentarily nonplused even so seasoned a policeman as Sergeant Kelsey. For Lieutenant Sam Epes (pronounced "Epps") was accustomed to that sort of thing. Females—middle-aged ones and bobby soxers, for the most part—had been known to be seized with momentary dizziness when he passed in the street, and it was not unusual for men to cast grudging glances of admiration in his wake. Sam Epes had *everything*—or so it seemed. He was an officer, and quite palpably no act of Congress was required

to make him a gentleman. He had ample means; his family was socially prominent in the Old Dominion; and his wife, petite Mary Lee Epes (nee Williams) came from an Atlanta family fully matching Sam's in property, probity and social advantages.

"Well . . .?" The lieutenant's lip began to curl and his eyes to snap at the momentary inaction of the police. Lieutenant Samuel C. Epes did not like to be kept waiting by policemen. Indeed, Lieutenant Epes did not like to be kept waiting—*period*.

"I'll be glad to take your report, sir," Kelsey assured him, moving toward the small (Continued on page 46)







# Girl Who Played Indian

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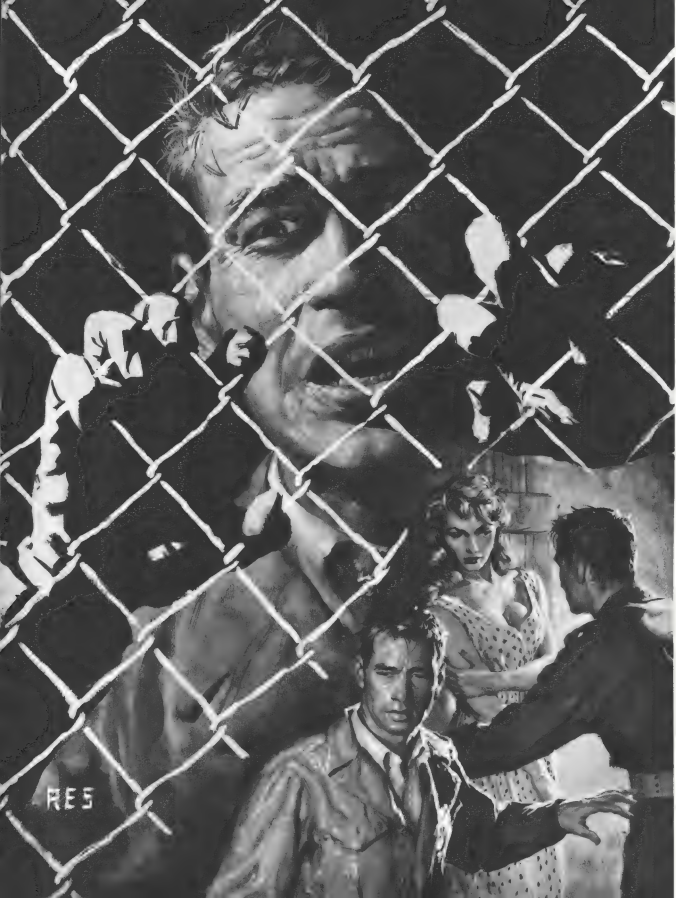


In fringed buckskins, Pamela played a Seminole maiden

for the movies. But as far as we know, no

Indian ever posed in costumes like these.





RES

# KEEP AWAY from the BLONDE

**Fooling with the girl would only get us in deeper than ever, but Tom hadn't seen a woman in three months.**

**by CHARLES VINDEK WND**



I don't know exactly where I am now. It's flat farm country—Iowa, maybe, or Nebraska. Nobody on this freight has spotted me yet, and in the little towns we've gone through I haven't seen any cops. But it's getting awfully cold. I don't know if I can stand the cold much longer. If Tom were here, he might know what to do. But Tom is dead.

It's kind of lonesome without him. I guess I liked Tom Maples from the first time I met him. Maybe it was because he was a big guy and I'm a little guy. But that's not the only reason; somehow there seemed to be more to Tom than to the other guys behind the fence.

Maybe you don't know what it's (Continued on page 50)

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB SCHULZ



# “SAVE HIM...or

If my patient died, I was going with him—a rifle in my side told me that. And all I had to operate with was a small penknife, some steel straps from a packing case, needles and thread supplied by a native woman and a bunch of old rags.

by Dr. Ruland Sykerly

as told to Hubert Pritchard



I looked down at the wounded man and knew that I was as good as dead. If he died I would die too—and he looked more like a bundle of chopped meat than a man. He was unconscious from shock and loss of blood; his eyes were partly open with only the whites showing. His clothes were ripped away to reveal a great dirty tear in his belly. It was impossible; I could do nothing for the man. I turned angrily to Tulu who stood behind me, the muzzle of his rifle still pressed into my side.

“I can’t do a thing for him. He might stand a chance if you got him to the hospital in Donghoa, but I wouldn’t make any promises even then. I am a doctor, but I would need an operating room, instruments, drugs—you have nothing here, I don’t even have my bag.”

Tulu smiled at me, but only with his mouth. His eyes were still cold and deadly; they never left my face for an





# SHARE HIS GRAVE!"

instant. With a sudden motion he pressed the rifle barrel hard into my side.

"Doctor, this wounded man is Gai Uan, a great hero of the people. Your friends of the Viet Nam would kill him on sight. He must stay here in the jungle and he must live. That is your job. If he should die now he will be buried here with great honor. You will be buried in the grave with him."

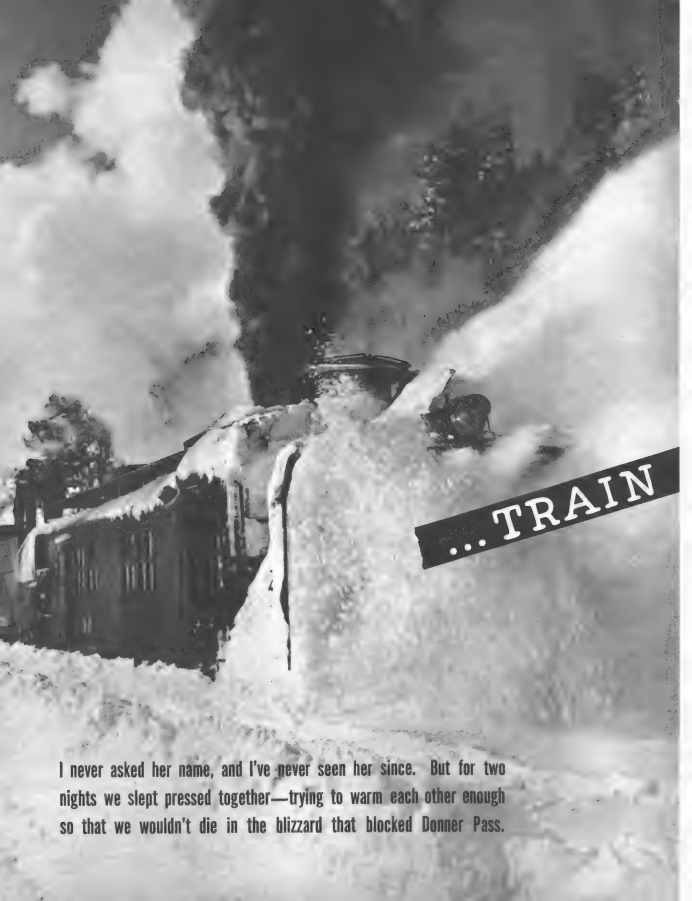
I had driven into town earlier in the day for the celebration of Têt, the Indochinese New Year, and my return had been delayed because of an alert; there had been a guerrilla raid on one of the warehouses. The Viet Minh were getting more active every day, there seemed to be no way of stopping them. This was the first daylight raid they had tried and, while their losses were heavy, they destroyed most of the stores. I had waited until the confusion had died down, then started back. By that time it was dark.

Many cars had been ambushed and burned along the stretch of road, so I wasn't very happy about driving at night. It looked as if my worries were groundless. I was almost to my house when disaster struck. There is a bridge

across a stream there with a sharp turn at each end. I bumped across the bridge and hit the turn doing about 45 miles an hour. The car was around the turn before I saw the log in the road. I had just stamped hard on the brake when the front wheels hit. Both front tires blew and the rear whipped around, I barely had time to throw my arms over my face as the car went off the road.

There was a crash like a boiler factory collapsing as the old Citroën hit the ditch and turned over. I managed to hold onto the wheel until the car stopped. I had to get out before the spilled gasoline caught fire. The door was jammed shut, I hammered at it with no results. I crawled over to try the other door just as it was pulled open from the outside. The words of thanks died on my lips when I saw who my rescuer was.

A Viet Minh guerrilla! There was no mistaking the crossed cartridge belts and long knife. There were others with him. I started to draw back but rough hands grabbed me and pulled me through the door. When I opened my mouth to shout, a piece of filthy rag was stuffed into it. A guerrilla lit a match and threw it (*Continued on page 72*)



... TRAIN

I never asked her name, and I've never seen her since. But for two nights we slept pressed together—trying to warm each other enough so that we wouldn't die in the blizzard that blocked Donner Pass.



# DELAYED... ...MAYBE FOREVER...

by **RONALD M. CLEARY**  
as told to **LAWRENCE ELLIOTT**



Ever hear of the Donner Pass? It's a slit in the Sierra Nevada Mountains leading out to the California plain. One hundred and more years ago it was as much a landmark as the Oregon Trail. Many a covered wagon has rusted and rotted by its side; many a man, battered by the howling winds of winter, paused to rest in the lee of a snowdrift—and was still there when the summer sun came to bleach his bones. The man they named the pass for died there, and so did 36 of the 81 members of his wagon train. The rest survived only by eating the corpses of their loved ones, and the memory they took out of the pass marked their lives forever after.

I didn't know any of this until a couple of years ago. Then I went to a library and read everything I could find about the Donner Pass. I had a very special interest in it by then—along with 231 men, women and children, I was trapped there for 72 hours.

It began in pure routine: I kissed my wife good-bye in Chicago's Union Station, boarded the Southern Pacific streamliner City of San Francisco and settled myself in my compartment for the three-day trip to the West Coast. I'd ridden this train a dozen times in the past five years

for business reasons and never regarded the trip as anything but a chore. Until January, 1952, the most exciting thing I'd seen happen aboard the City of San Francisco was the time a club-car athlete made a pass at a well-shaped buyer from New York who, it turned out, wasn't buying *that*, and 12 or 15 people saw our hero get his face smartly slapped.

But this was January, 1952, and, looking back, I can read the signs that might have told me this trip would be different. For days, the newspapers had been full of stories about storms sweeping the Coast, drenching rains and floods in Los Angeles, blinding snows in the mountains. Just before we rolled into the foothills of the Sierra Nevadas, I strolled along a station stop and heard a man read a news item to his wife about the huge snowdrifts that blocked main roads and isolated towns and villages.

None of this registered with me. After all, this was the 20th century; we were riding a giant streamliner, one of the most modern on the rails. What could possibly go wrong?

The first ominous sign came on Sunday night, the 13th. I'd just returned to my compartment from the diner when

As the diesel snowplows forged through the 20-foot drifts, we froze in our ice-encased train (above).

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



On the deadly slopes of infamous Donner Pass, we waited for rescue from the blizzard for a terrifying 72 hours.



Pressamen were waiting as we got off the icebound train, but there were aspects of our ordeal we couldn't discuss.

## ... TRAIN DELAYED... MAYBE FOREVER...

continued

suddenly, and for no apparent reason, the train stopped. I looked out the window; maybe we were picking up a passenger at a way station. But there was no station outside in that dark, snow-swirling night. There were only huge drifts, piled higher than the train on either side of the track, and the falling snow which had begun coming down that afternoon as we reached the Sierras.

I opened a report I'd been meaning to read en route and tried not to think about the stop. Any one of 17 reasons might cause a train to stop, I told myself, but deep down the gnawing suspicion that something was wrong began to take root.

The train had been standing motionless for about 10 minutes when I slammed the report shut and got up. I don't know exactly why; I don't know what I was going to do. All I know is that a kind of nervous restlessness had gotten hold of me and I knew it was useless to try to read.

At that instant there was a loud knock on my door. Then it was flung open. A man I'd never seen before stood outside, his hair wild, tie loosened and the collar of his shirt flopping outside his suit jacket.

"Why are we stopped?"

The question stunned me almost as much as the wildness of his sudden appearance, and for a moment I hung between slamming the door in his face and trying to calm him.

"Is there anything the matter with the train? Please tell me!"

For all his frantic look and tone, it was clear from the man's voice and the cut of his suit that he was more than

just a guy named Joe. I took a step toward him and said, "Take it easy, mister. I don't know why we're stopped, but I doubt if it's anything to get excited about."

For a second he just stared at me as though I'd just dropped into my compartment from the moon. Then he wheeled, rushed down the passageway as suddenly as he had appeared, and slammed the door to the next compartment behind him.

I started to close my door when I saw the conductor moving toward me down the passageway. I stepped outside, blocking his path:

"What's the score here? Are we going to be moving soon?"

"Can't say, sir," he said, still trying to edge around me. "Snowslides have blocked the track and we're trying to dig out."

"Trying to dig out?" I echoed. "In this storm? Why, you . . ."

This time he did slip by me and I realized I was talking to myself.

I walked slowly back into my compartment, closed the door, lit a cigarette and sat down to think this thing through. There was, of course, plenty that I didn't know—how big the slide was, how far away help was—but I did know that in a storm like this, men without heavy equipment would have no more chance of digging this train clear of a snowslide than my five-year-old has of digging through the beach at Lake Michigan to China. We were stuck!

I was still sitting there when the conductor came through an hour later. He knocked on each (Continued on page 60)

Our relief came none too soon. More than a dozen of the passengers were hospital-bound from exposure and shock.



It beat me down—a ton of boiling  
water—and that's when I got  
it good. Like a knife across my groin,  
the reef ripped my belly.



Swept off the box by the comber, the Mexicans churned like



# They Watched





crazy to get back. Don hefted them up.

by **CAPT. CALVIN H. BURNS**

as told to James Joseph



It began in the black, boiling waters of the Pacific, four, perhaps five, miles off Cape San Lazaro light, 500 miles south of San Diego off the Baja California coast. The time: a few minutes past 7:30 p.m. The date: November 12, 1954.

The *Betsy Anne* was over on her port side, her beams awash, her keel shuddering as heavy seas crashed over her. I crouched on her starboard gunwale, clawing to stand erect against wind and sea. Dimly, there in the black water below, bobbed the others—Don Deaton, making his first run as a bottom fisherman, and the two Mexican Nationals, Francisco Burquez and Antonio Zamoro. They clung to a hatch cover, a makeshift preserver. It was all we had, for a 10-foot comber had carried the life jackets overboard.

For a lingering moment I teetered there. I felt *Betsy Anne* settling, quivering as green seas pounded the life out of her. Then I jumped.

I remember kicking off my rubber fish boots and working out of my denims. Clad only in (Continued on page 64)



# Me Swim Away

## MEN OUTDOORS



A MAN'S WALLET



MEN IN CRIME

## MEN IN CRIME

ITALY IS WARRING ON SEX CRIME by using a corps of 1,500 well-stacked plain-clothes women to act as decoys. But first the girls will be trained in self-defense. . . .

San Francisco has finally unloaded its fabled Chinatown police squad which got started in the day of the tong wars and tribute murders. The squad, headed by Inspector Jack Manion, was formed at a time when the gangster tongs dominated gambling houses, opium dens and brothels, when fan-tan, pie-gow and Chinese lotteries were running full blast. But the last murder attributed to a tong occurred in 1926, and, since the Chinese have been complaining they're being picked on, the squad's been broken up. . . .

THERE'S A HOT BUNCH OF HOUSE-TRAILER THIEVES operating out of New York and Florida. . . .

In Corsica, there's still an ancient HOT-BLOODED LAW on the books that says if your honor is despoiled, you're entitled to become an avenger, straighten things out, then surrender. The law figured recently in the case of a beautiful, dark-eyed Corsican "Bandit of Honor" who slew a peddler who had dishonored her. . . .

Snake-handling is against the law in Virginia, BUT THE COPS AREN'T DOING ANYTHING about a weird snake-handling religious sect that fondles rattlers and

intends to keep on doing so even though five members have died of poisoning. . . .

Connecticut cons got a raise from 15 cents a day to two bits (to meet inflationary cost of butts, shaving cream.) . . .

## MEN IN UNIFORM

LATEST WAY TO KILL EVERYBODY is to drop an H-Bomb somewhere in the Arctic. If the trillions of tons of Arctic ice were ever thawed, everyone in the cities of New York, Los Angeles, London, Paris would be drowned. (Omaha is pretty high above sea level and might be saved.) . . .

UGLIEST AND RUGGEDEST part of going through the Air Force's new "Brainwash" school is when interrogators start insulting your religion, racial background, physical peculiarities (big ears, big nose, etc.), saying dirty things about your wife, mother, girl friend. THAT'S WHEN MOST MEN CRACK if they're going to crack at all. . . .

Any American GI private stationed in Japan hauls in as much dough as a full Japanese general. The Japanese general gets \$205.53 a month which is \$157 after taxes. GI GETS \$155 PLUS ALLOWANCES AND HE'S NOT TAXED. . . .

More than 100 ex-Luftwaffe pilots have started jet training refresher courses at U.S. bases in Germany. . . . Americans captured during Korean War agree worst prison camp of all was "Pak's Palace" near

# STAG



MEN IN SPORTS



INSIDE FOR MEN

# CONFIDENTIAL

Pyongyang; worst captor was sadistic North Korean Colonel Pak and second worst was his henchman "Dirty Pictures" Wong. . . .

**BIGGEST BONEHEAD PROJECT** of all is Navy's effort to recover \$133,000 of back pay from discharged GIs who were overpaid when they were on WW II duty in Great Lakes. If Navy ever catches up with overpaid gobs it'll cost each one up to \$200. . . .

Pilots of high-powered noisy airplanes will be talking through ear mikes in the future. When mouth and nose are covered by baffle box, speech sounds can be heard clearly coming from the ear, with 129 per cent more intelligibility. . . .

## MEN IN SPORTS

**WINNING THE DAVIS CUP** is one thing. Lifting it is another. It weighs 124 pounds, holds 28 quarts of champagne (and did once.) . . . Floydie Patterson should get a heavyweight title bout in the next two years . . . List of fighters who've gone in for painting is impressive; Mickey Walker, the "Toy Bulldog" started it; some modern painting pugs are Willie Pastrano and George Araujo. . . .

Pat McCormick, the curvy American dish who made good in the Mexican bull rings, actually never made that good. She's still a novillero, which means she can only kill bulls weighing less than 850 pounds. . . .

In the old days, close fights were

usually **CONTINUED IN THE STREET** after the crowd went home. That's what Mickey Walker and Harry Greb did after their fight for the middleweight title; met outside behind a bar and resumed festivities. . . .

## A MAN'S CAR

**YOU WON'T HAVE TO DO ANY BRAKING** to bring the car of the future to a stop. Just let up on the accelerator, which'll be used as a valve to control power braking . . . **AIR CONDITIONING WILL SOON BE STANDARD EQUIPMENT** in higher-priced cars, but not this year. . . .

There's never been a time in history when autos were so alike in design and construction. Basic body shells are practically all alike, with fenders and trim making the difference . . . Volkswagen chasing every other make of car right off the map in Europe, **GETTING A BIG TOEHOLD** here, too . . . If you can learn to **HUNCH YOUR SHOULDERS** when tires screech behind you, it may save your neck. You can do more damage to your neck from a rear-end collision at 10 mph than at 20 mph where the greater impact flexes your front seat backward to take up some of the shock. . . .

Drive 25,000 miles with the same shock absorbers, and the chances are you need new ones. . . .

You can expect smaller diameter wheels



Suddenly my head bumped sharply against the ceiling of ice.

## I had

In 10 more minutes, I would suffocate;  
in 15 minutes, I would freeze. That's  
all the time I had left to bust my  
way out from under 8 inches of ice.

Hanging awkwardly to the cable in our heavy gear, we scraped down the ice-covered rocks.



My two weight belts had dropped off my shoulders. I was floating, and couldn't have gotten to the bottom even with fins.

# to scuttle myself

by ED FISHER



I'm supposed to be an underwater expert. That's a laugh, really, because after what's happened I don't honestly believe there is such an animal. No man can be expert on diving in any and all situations. The oceans, rivers and lakes of the world are too vast and full of complications for any man to claim that distinction.

I've been diving for about eight years—off the coast of California, on the Florida reefs at night, deep in underground caves and in a hundred other crazy places, and in each new situation there was a little trick hiding—maybe one that could be fatal. When death comes openly, like a shark that gives you something to fight, it's not so bad, but usually it's not that easy. The little things trip you up, the simple mistakes that pile up one on top of the other so that when you finally realize you're in danger it seems all you can do is lie down and die.

This is the kind of trouble I got into when I made what should have been a simple business trip to Chicago in the middle of the winter.

I was up in the windy city doing promotional work for a

big manufacturer of sports diving equipment during the Annual Sport Dealers' show. Around the last day of the brawl a couple of rugged guys walked up and introduced themselves to me.

"My name's Charlie LaVerne, and this is Harold Bell," the tall one said, nodding to his partner, and offering me a huge paw. I took it, mumbled my name, which he seemed to have anyhow, and let them get down to business.

"We heard you were up here and wondered if you wanted to do a little diving with our club," Charlie said. "We've got all the special gear you'll need except for a regulator. Got a trip planned day after the show ends."

Dive! In this frozen hell? I thought it was a joke. I'd already contracted the worst cold I'd had since I moved down to Miami seven years ago, and it was on the verge of developing into pneumonia. But I saw that these guys were serious.

Charlie explained that members of their club dived all winter. Sure, there was ice covering all the lakes in the area—at least half a foot of it, so that they had to hack

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

an entrance with a fire ax, but this was the only time when the water was clear and settled. In the spring the streams and rivers dump tons of mud into the lakes and in the summer the algae cut visibility to a few feet. If I wanted to get any pictures this was my only chance.

If they were nuts, I was crazier. I decided to go. I wanted to try it because it sounded so damned absurd and besides maybe I could use some pictures taken under the ice.

After the show I made arrangements to borrow a new type regulator along with an underwater camera case from the company display, and found a shop in town that would rent me a Leica camera for \$25. When the boys picked me up at my hotel early the next morning I was raring to go. My cold wasn't any better, actually, but thinking about my pending venture seemed to have knocked any sense out of me.

We drove through the city while the sun was just rising and by the time we hit the outskirts a bitter cold wind was whipping snow into little drifts across the highway. Another member of the club was along besides Charlie and Harold. He was introduced to me simply as "the kid." He did look like one next to the rest of us—all in our late 20s—but he seemed not only enthusiastic as hell but also well versed in the art of diving under the ice. The car swung into the driveway at the kid's house where we were to dress in our gear. Harold explained that the abandoned quarry we were to dive in was 10 miles farther up the road, just across the state border in Wisconsin.

When I said we could dress in our gear, I meant we would get loaded down. We put on enough gear to survive in an arctic camp indefinitely. This was going to be a lot different than diving on the Keys so that, with all my diving

experience, I still had to let the kid show me what to do.

First I stripped completely and put on a suit of long cotton underwear. Over this went a heavy suit of wool long-johns. Next layer was a full-length foam rubber suit. By this time I was beginning to sweat and found it difficult to move my arms, but we hadn't finished. All the stuff so far was just to keep me warm. Now I had to cover it all with a waterproof covering. The water temperature would be just slightly above freezing and if you spring a leak in that temperature, according to the Navy manual, you die in about 15 minutes, maximum.

The watertight outer suit was a two-piece job that sealed over a rubber ring around my waist. We finally got the last covering secured, then the finishing touches were added. I wore a regular Navy watch cap under the hood of my rubber suit and had two wool gloves on each hand. To waterproof these, the boys pulled big, heavy-duty rubber electricians' gloves over the wool ones—then slipped a big tin can with both ends cut out over my wrist. Over the can they slid the cuff of my glove and the sleeve of my rubber shirt, and locked them in place with big rubber bands. It made a really ingenious pressure-proof seal.

Getting dressed in this stuff required at least two other guys to help you, and by the time you get the gloves in place you're about helpless for doing precision work. We checked each other's outfits and then piled into the car, loaded down with the rest of our diving equipment.

During the short ride to the lake I felt like I was going to suffocate, but when we got there, unloaded the stuff and hauled it to the lake's edge, the wind howling across the surface woke me up.

The huge mass of snow-covered ice lay at the bottom of a steep cliff that surrounded it on all sides. I was looking for the steps that we'd use to negotiate the precipice when I noticed the cable. It was a rusted length of half-inch steel rope that hung down over the side of the cliff, secured at the top by a pipe driven into the frozen ground. I guessed that this was the way we would descend. I was right.

Charlie went first and gingerly slipped over the side, clinging to the icy strand. Small avalanches of snow were dislodged as he worked his way down and finally he reached the surface of the lake, about 60 feet below us. I was next, and went down with my tank and camera strapped to my back, thinking each step would send me bouncing down the sheer wall of rock and snow below. I made it without mishap though, and Harold and the kid followed.

If I ever remember a strange sight it'll be of that nutty crew of guys (*Continued on page 44*)



My whole body was cramping from the cold, and my air was exhausted, as I crawled out through the opening.





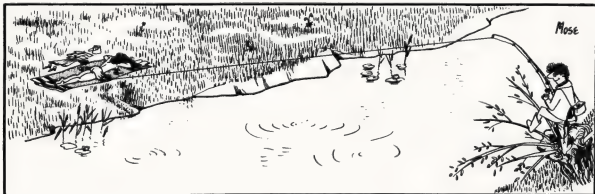
# French LOVE

*Selection from cartoon book "Love from France" edited by Brant House with Edna Bennett, published and copyright 1955 by A. A. Wyn, Inc., N. Y.*

"O.K., go on home to your mother!"



"Mother, it's for you."



# How I Made

Maybe you can remember back to this one: "I wanna give



If you think this car-top act is crazy, you should have seen the time Muntz played Lady Godiva—in red underwear.

# a Million

'em away—but Mrs. Muntz won't let me. SHE'S CRAZY!"

by EARL "MADMAN" MUNTZ

as told to Irving Wallace



It wasn't until everybody thought I was crazy that I began making money. The "Madman Muntz" type of advertising I started in Southern California not only made me the world's largest used car dealer but put color into the used car business all over the country. Today my methods of creating sales are being imitated not only in the United States but in foreign countries as well.

I may be in the chips now but don't ever think I didn't have a rough time figuring out a formula on how to make money. I'll tell about it here. Maybe it will help someone else make a million. It may not be necessary to wear red flannel underwear and act crazy to succeed in the business world, but I must admit it surely helped to bring me success.

If Madman Muntz told you he didn't like to make money you'd surely think he was *really* crazy. I get a big thrill out of making money, and a bigger one when I can spend it. But maybe I would be far better off financially if I'd been following the teachings of Grandpa Muntz.

Grandpa Henry Muntz was a conservative German storekeeper and believed in hard work and saving everything. Nothing went to waste. I remember Grandpa's house. He always kept it well painted. One time it had seven different colors of paint on it at once—remnants he couldn't sell.

I was born at Elgin, Illinois, in 1914. When 15 years old, and still in high school, I quit school to help my dad in his radio shop. I specialized in installing car radios. In those days it took about three days to install one. My early training in repairing radios eventually got me interested in building and selling television sets.

I have always liked to handle tools. Tinker-

ing with obstinate radio sets wasn't enough excitement for a teen-age boy. By then I had read about the racing adventures of such men as Barney Oldfield and Eddie Rickenbacker. I had a yen to become an auto race driver. So to learn about engines I took whatever jobs I could find around garages, starting out as a greasemonkey.

Before I was of age I was buying and selling used cars and mother would sign the papers with me. I'd buy old clunks for around \$25, fix them up and sell them for a hundred or so, probably clearing \$25.

After lots of hard work I had \$1,000 saved up. That was a small fortune in the early Thirties. I was to get my first experience in dealing with a gyp artist at this time. I lost my thousand bucks fast, but it taught me a valuable lesson. A stranger gave me a hard luck story, said he needed \$1,000 immediately and offered me two large diamonds, said they'd been in the family for generations, even suggesting that I take the stones to any jewelry store for an appraisal. I did and our local jeweler told me they were worth \$3,000 but due to their size would be hard to sell. I couldn't get back fast enough to close the deal. I peeled out all my savings and took the diamonds. I was so proud of my deal I couldn't resist going back to see the jeweler again to talk about the diamonds. He took one look at the stones and said, "These aren't the diamonds! These are glass!"

Somehow in the deal the crook exchanged glass ones for the real diamonds and I was out my thousand dollars.

By 1937, when I was 23 years old, I had my own automobile agency in Elgin and had used car lots at nearby Joliet and Woodstock. Business was good.

Midget car racing (Continued on page 56)



The explosion startled the bear, but he got over it quick, and came at me in a four-footed rush.

# He Had to Use the Knife



by EDDIE TOOLU

as told to Emile C. Schurmacher



Jess Munikak and I were sledding three miles out on the Chuckchee Sea ice off Port Hope when I pulled about the dumbest trick in the whole damned gun book.

I'm not the only fellow who sticks a piece of flannel in his rifle end on the Chuckchee or elsewhere on the Alaska north coast. Otherwise, with all the moisture and the temperature at 25 and more below, ice starts forming right in the gun barrel.

But like Jess pointed out: "Any guy who puts a strip of rag in his rifle muzzle ought to have sense enough to pull it out before he fires his gun."

No argument about that. My only excuse is that I hadn't expected to use the rifle.

We started out that November morning with the idea of harpooning bearded seal, what we call *oogruk*. My gun was in the *komiak* along with the harpoons and other gear.

The temperature was down around 30 below and the wind was blowing from the west, which wasn't hopeful. It fanned hard into our faces, pushing against the already tumbled-up pressure ice so that there were no open leads to search for *oogruk*.

After a couple of miles of rough sledding I saw the score and was ready to call quits.

"No use," I told Jess. "The ice bridge goes out for miles and finding *oogruk* is more than a one-day hunt. We better call it off until the wind changes."

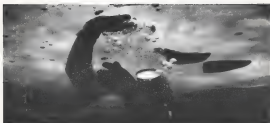
"Let's try it for another mile or so," Jess said. "Maybe we'll hit the beginning of a lead on the other side of that piled-up ice out there."

We kept going for about half a mile and then we came across some bear tracks in the new powder. From the looks of them a hungry bear had been hunting for a meal of *oogruk* earlier in the morning. (Continued on page 74)

With the gun out of action and the harpoon hanging from the bear, Jess

had only one way left. He was going to take on the giant, hand-to-hand.





## I HAD TO SCUTTLE MYSELF

Continued from page 38

dressed up in bulbous diving costumes, lugging Aqua-Lungs, snow shovels and ice picks through six inches of snow across the reservoir. On the other side Charlie got the shovel out and cleared an area of snow so that Harold could go to work with the fire ax. It took over half an hour to cut a complete circle through the surface, because halfway through the ax handle broke on the hard ice and we had to use a big crowbar like an ice pick to finish the job.

Harold and the kid pushed down hard on the eight-inch thick slab of ice, while Charlie and I shoved it out under the frozen surface of the lake. We cleared a hole about six feet in diameter and in it the water looked clear—clear enough to see bottom—but we were at the edge of the lake where the water was only about five feet deep. From what the others told me, the bottom dropped off sharply and in some places got over 60 feet deep.

I managed to get my lung on, slung my camera around my neck, and loaded myself down with two weight belts because I knew I'd be terrifically buoyant with all my clothing. Next, I needed my fins but I searched the gear bag Charlie had given me and couldn't find any. When I told them my trouble, the boys dug through the rest of the equipment, with no luck. They had forgotten to bring a pair for me. This was great! It'd be impossible for me to flounder around in the water without fins.

**C**HARLIE, who had the only pair that would fit me, wanted to lend me his, but I wanted to take pictures of him in full rig; besides, I had a better idea. I'd weight myself so heavily that I could walk on the bottom just as if I were wearing my old Dunn helmet again. It would work in most situations. The only trouble here was that it took over 50 pounds of lead to sink me. I had three lead belts around my waist and there wasn't room for the other two that I needed, so I just draped the extra ones over each shoulder. They took me down fine. I lowered myself through the hole, and when I hit the freezing water I felt a shock on the only part of my skin exposed; my cheeks and lips.

I remembered what Harold had told me about checking my mouthpiece every few minutes. You have to do this because your face gets numb in the 34-degree water and you can't tell if the mouthpiece is slipping out of place or not. I moved out from the hole into about eight feet of water and waited for the others to come down.

Charlie came next, clumsily swimming along the surface, just under the white, smooth bottom of the ice. He had a safety line tied to his waist, and, as it

reeled out from over the hole, I thought how much our lives depended on that thin piece of manila. The other end of the coil was secured to a long board that lay crosswise over the hole, and, as long as we kept the line in sight underwater, we could always find our way back to the air.

They were all in the water now, and I started to take hurried pictures of them swimming out beyond me in the deeper water. I knew they wanted to head for the other side of the quarry, below the highway that ran along the top of the cliff, to look for some of the junk that had fallen into the water during the past 50 years.

Before we had left the day before, Harold had told me that a few weeks previously they'd found a couple of old cars, a half-dozen bicycles, and all sorts of junk, including a steel safe, a rusted automatic and a sawed-off rifle. These last items were probably relics from the days of Chicago's big crime wave, and the boys figured maybe they'd find something worthwhile like some hot loot that had been ditched years ago.

I was stumbling along the bottom in shallow water, trying to keep up with the others, when suddenly I saw Charlie signal to his buddies and cut out for the center of the quarry. Harold and the kid followed, and in a few seconds they were out of sight. The safety line sped out after them and I struggled down the bank after it, trying to keep it in sight.

I stumbled and fell on the rocky bottom and in turning, noticed for the first time the terrific clouds of sediment I was kicking up off the bottom. It rose in huge, ominous clouds that stretched from the bottom all the way to the ceiling of ice above me. With six inches of snow lying on the ice, the light down here was bad to begin with. Now, with the clouds of silt boiling over me, it became actually dark.

I spun around, hoping that the line would still be in sight beyond the clouds in the clear water out toward the center of the lake, and went hurtling farther down the slope. Suddenly I had to stop. A sharp pain building up in my right ear told me I wasn't equalizing. My lousy cold had packed mucus in my ear tubes so that air couldn't pass through.

I gagged and tried to blow my nose out through my mask but still couldn't clear. Frantically I took a deep breath and pulled the mouthpiece from my mouth and tried to cough the cartarrh from my throat. It was no good. To go any deeper without being able to equalize was suicide. I would rupture my eardrum and would get so dizzy I'd be completely disoriented. It's happened before and I know how bad it can be.

I replaced my mouthpiece and blew my

lines and tried to relax. Although I didn't have the safety line to guide me, there was a good chance that if I went back up the slope and bore to the left into the shallow water I'd be able to find the hole again. Before I started, I just stood there trying to calm down and catch my breath after all the exertion. All the weight and clumsy gear I was wearing made just moving an effort. I tried to take deep, slow breaths but discovered that my air was getting hard to breathe.

I remembered that back in the hotel I had set my safety reserve to cut in 15 minutes before my air ran out completely. I checked my watch. I'd been down less than half an hour but, with so much heavy work, I'd used up my main air supply already. I reached back to flip my air reserve lever and then froze—horrid! I couldn't feel anything! Couldn't tell if my hand was on my regulator, my head, or just waving around in the water. Two pairs of wool gloves plus the heavy rubber ones reduced my sense of touch to nothing.

The safety lever was a little metal arm that stuck out from the back of my regulator about an inch and a half. Even in normal conditions it's difficult to find the lever, but now it was absolutely impossible. I had to do something. With each breath I took, I could feel the air getting harder and harder to pull as the pressure in my cylinder dropped.

**A**S usual, I couldn't think well underwater. At first I wanted to make a mad rush up the slope and try to find the hole. After a couple of stumbling steps I realized how futile this would be. There was less than a couple of minutes' air in my main supply. I got hold of myself and slowly thought of an idea. It's one you'd think of immediately if your brain was working normally, but down there it came hard. I pulled the safety hitches on the straps of my tank and squirmed out of the harness. Then I swung my lung around in front of me, keeping the mouthpiece in place. It was as simple as that. Now I could reach out and flip the lever without any trouble and when I did, the air rushed into my chest, like it was filling a vacuum.

I could get air now . . . at least for a while. I had a 15-minute supply of life in my tank, and turned the timing ring on my watch to keep track of the time. Suddenly I felt a sharp bump on my head and, looking up, saw that I had hit the ceiling of ice. It took a few minutes to figure out what had happened and to realize the situation I was in.

The two weight belts that had been dropped over my shoulders were gone. In my struggle to get out of the harness they must've dropped off, and now I had



floated up against the ceiling of ice, buoyant by a force of over 25 pounds—enough so that even if I had fins I'd never be able to get down near the bottom. It lay at least 40 feet below and the silt clouding the water made visibility less than four feet.

**I**n a panic, I tried to think which way the hole was. The ceiling was an endless expanse of smooth white ice, offering no clue to show me the way. Hell, even if I knew the way, the slippery ice gave me no grip to pull myself along with and without fins I could only flounder around like a fish out of water.

The sweep-second hand on my watch raced around the luminescent dial. There were 10 minutes left for me to do something. I thought of air pockets trapped under ice. Here there was nothing except tiny flattened bubbles of my exhausted air. Maybe the others will find me, or maybe the safety line will pass by . . . wild hopes flashed through my mind for just an instant. Then I sobered up.

I've had enough tough assignments to know that you can't survive on maybes. You've got to make your breaks. You've got to think of something. Finally, I did. There was a good chance that it would kill me faster than I'd go this way, but at least there was hope. If the bottom was my only guide to the hole then I had to hit bottom. There was only one way to do it: scuttle myself—flood my suit with water so I could sink. The water was at freezing temperature. According to all the books it would kill me in less than 15 minutes, but with 10 minutes of air left, what could I lose?

I wrapped one arm around my air cylinder and tried to rip the gloves off my right hand. I couldn't get a grip with my clumsy fingers so I took a breath and spat out my mouthpiece and bit at the tough rubber. I gnawed furiously at the leathery stuff and finally tore a hole big enough to reach in with a finger and rip off the gloves on one hand. Ignoring the stinging pain of the ice water on my bare hand I lifted my arm and shoved myself down under the ice. Bubbles poured out of my sleeve through the section of tin can and I could feel myself getting heavier. The icy water pouring into my suit against my skin felt boiling hot instead of cold, but after the first shock, I started to numb. I squirmed around making sure that there were no air traps in the suit and finally felt myself sinking.

Pressure built up in my ears again, but I had decided to rupture my ears if necessary to get down. When the pain became unbearable, I snorted out my nose and stretched my jaw muscles as hard as I could and, just when it felt as if my eardrums were going to burst, heard air squeal past the ear tubes and felt the pain disappear immediately. At last I could equalize.

When I hit bottom and felt the solid rocks under my feet, it was like a shot in the arm. I had five minutes to find the hole and took slow, deliberate steps up the slope, clutching my air cylinder against my chest with one hand and clawing at the ground with the other.

About halfway up, my right leg cramped in the calf, a big hard knot that

hurt bad at first, but I just dragged it behind me trying not to notice the pain. I can take cramps in my legs and even my arms but I had a stomach cramp once and knew that if I got one here it would double me up and finish me.

The silt seemed to be worse up in shallower water but now I had reached a point where I could see the ceiling of ice. I worked my way up to where the water was about five feet deep and turned to the left in the direction I figured the hole was. There was a 50-50 chance of finding it.

The minute hand on my watch had knocked off 14 minutes from the time I'd set the safety reserve. Still the air flowed into my lungs each time I demanded it. The silt was clearing now—a bad sign. It meant that I was losing the path over which I had come originally. There were no currents to move the cloud, I thought, and cursed myself for getting in this mess.

According to my watch, my air should have run out by now, but I'd been moving slowly, using it sparingly, so that maybe I had a few minutes more left. I'd need it. I was lost, but good.

The water was clear again in this spot and I could look back and see the boundary of the cloud that obliterated the whole half of the lake—somewhere in there, was a hole just big enough for me to climb through, out of this tomb.

A feeling of panic swept over me and I was going to rush back blindly into the murky water when I heard a noise—a sound like an outboard motor far away through the rumble of my bubbles against the ice. I held my breath. Now I could tell it was a scraping noise like someone trying to dig through the ice.

I backed off down the slope so that I could get a broader view of the ceiling of ice in the clear section of water. Then I saw an incredible sight. Through the dull, white, continuous awning above me, a band of light appeared. It lengthened as if someone was painting a line with a huge brush on the surface of the ice. At the moving end two little black blotches followed the line, and then I realized what it was. One of the boys was shovel-

ing a path in the snow to show me the way to the hole.

I raced toward the streak of light where the path led into the cloud of silt. My eyes were glued to the band and even in the dirty water it showed the way clearly on the surface. Both my legs were cramped badly but I clawed over the bottom with one hand, clinging to my air tank. My whole body felt on the verge of cramping from the numbing cold and my air became hard to pull once again.

The next minute was one I'll never forget. First, just a faint area of illumination in the dark water . . . then a brilliant patch of light where the sun poured through the hole. I took a last hard, deep breath from my exhausted tank, crawled under the opening, and emerged into the air.

When I was hauled out, the boys stood me on my head and dumped the water out of my suit and insisted that I stand up and keep jumping. Charlie made me run across the lake to the bottom of the cliff, helped me fight my way up the cable and then drove to the nearest farmhouse where I stripped and borrowed Charlie's long-johns.

I remember the people in the house kept telling me to get near the stove but I refused, because I'd read where you get gangrene if you rapidly heat up parts of your body that've been almost frozen. I think I did the right thing because I felt O.K., except for my chills, in a few hours.

I found out later that it was the kid's idea to mark a path on the top of the ice. The boys had figured I'd gone out of the water ahead of them and when they surfaced with the safety line it was too late to go back. They had used up all their air and were running around frantically, trying to think of some way to reach me when the kid grabbed the shovel and started making a path in the snow leading to the hole.

Frankly, I think that kid's too smart to get into trouble under the ice. But down on the Keys—well that's another story. Maybe he'll find the ocean is full of tricks he hadn't counted on, then maybe I can return the favor. ♦♦♦





## "MY WIFE IS MISSING!"

Continued from page 19

window in the wire lattice and picking up a pencil. "What is your wife's full name?"

Can a woman—*any* woman—simply vanish into thin air without trace? That was the nub of the problem presented to Sergeant Kelsey by Sam Epes as the clock struck midnight. And the answer to that question is an emphatic "No!" When you dig into the background of a missing person and the circumstances surrounding his or her disappearance, you invariably find something to shed light on the mystery. In 15 years as chief of the Columbia Police Department I have found that to be true. But in *no* case during my 15 years as chief has my department walked into such a complex mess of murder, passion, poison, icy cunning and plain old-fashioned heartbreak as it did the night Sam Epes first made his appearance among us.

**W**HAT Sam Epes gave us to go on was so typical as to be almost the epitome of the average missing person report: He and Mary Lee had been married four and a half years, and they had been consistently happy. There was no other man. He had been transferred to Fort Jackson, Columbia, some six weeks before, and he and his young wife had found a small second-floor apartment on Sims Avenue. Lieutenant Epes was transportation and administrative officer with a medical unit. His unit's responsibility was removing the dead and wounded from scenes of action; he was not a doctor, although, on occasion, he administered minor medication to enlisted men.

As a consequence of interrupted electric service during the preceding night, his electric alarm clock had been slow that morning and he had overslept. Waking, he had decided not to delay for breakfast but to pick it up at the fort. As Mary Lee wanted to do some shopping, he had driven her downtown and dropped her in front of a popular cafeteria where she might breakfast while waiting for the stores to open. He had driven directly to Fort Jackson where he'd had a busy day. When he returned that evening, however, the morning milk still sat outside the apartment door, and there was no sign of Mary Lee. Neighbors had not seen her all day.

What did she look like? Well, 26 years old, five feet two; less than 100 pounds; reddish-blond hair, blue eyes, very fair complexion. What was she wearing? Gray, pin-striped coat and suit, no hat, carrying a large gray broadcloth handbag. "Got it?" The lieutenant's tone was crisp and imperious. His manner was ice-calm; if he had any nerves they certainly were not

in evidence. "Let me know the minute you get anything on this!" he snapped. And with that he turned on his heel and marched out of police headquarters.

"A cool number, that one!" ejaculated Bob Cothran, who had remained beyond his customary departure time, fascinated by the handsome lieutenant.

"You can say that again, bub!" Sergeant Kelsey agreed. "What do you suppose the Army does to these guys? If my old lady was missin' I'd be blowin' 18 fuses! Well, let's get out a report for the detective division. Chief Shorter better get hot on this in the morning, or Lieutenant Epes (*Sir!*) will come back and freeze him into a solid cake of ice!"

Chief of Detectives S. S. Shorter did get hot on it in the morning. We *all* got hot on it—and with not precisely the results we might have anticipated. It didn't take us long, of course, to discover that we had hold of a "cut-glass" case. The missing girl's parents showed up in Columbia from Jacksonville, Florida, almost immediately, and they and Lieutenant Epes practically fell into each other's arms.

"The lieutenant is like a son to us," the old gentleman told me. "Such a splendid young man; a gentleman of the highest type! He made our little daughter very happy!"

**I** DIDN'T say anything to this because, at that moment, the lieutenant was in our hair—but plenty! And, I was beginning to confess to myself, his attitude had me puzzled. Of course he was obviously hell-bent to help us find his wife. He was with my men constantly, dashing here, there, and the other place. And suggestions! What he didn't think of just wasn't in the book. Could his wife be an amnesia victim? He had his father-in-law make radio transcriptions which were broadcast all over the South so that she might hear his voice and regain her memory—if she had lost it. Could she have been kidnapped? Between the families they could raise almost any reasonable sum, and they'd be glad to pay, he assured us. Could she have gotten in a car with strangers as a prelude to foul play? After all, she was a tiny, delicate thing! How about the State Highway Patrol? Couldn't they help? And so it went. The lieutenant was busy "helping." He was also getting downright vulgar in his language and his imperious demands that we "show some results, by God! You fellows have simply got to find the people who are at the bottom of this thing!"

Well, we were trying, in our own blun-

dering way, and we were keeping our eyes open as we went along, too. Of course the lieutenant wasn't a policeman, so he probably didn't quite realize all the things we *were* doing. The State Highway Patrol was already working on the case, for instance, and their ace investigator, John W. Richardson, was deep in it. So was Richland County Sheriff T. Alex Heise, a seasoned officer of 25 years' experience. The FBI had been alerted and consulted, and we had the vigorous co-operation of Major Larry Gaines, provost marshal at Fort Jackson, and his astute assistant, Lieutenant McKenna. Between us, in the first few days after the disappearance of Mary Lee Epes, we accomplished a heap of work and achieved results, too, in a negative sort of way. For instance:

**W**E established that the missing girl had made no withdrawals from her bank immediately prior to her disappearance. We established that she had been admitted to no nearby hospital, nor was she registered in any nearby hotel under her own name or another. We questioned taxi and bus drivers, made a meticulous check of railroad stations, and were satisfied in our own minds that she had not left the city via any mode of public transportation. Meanwhile, however, with the lieutenant so handy, naturally we asked him a few questions:

When he dropped his wife off downtown that morning, had he just let her out in the middle of the street? Oh, so he had pulled in parallel with the curb, and parked briefly? Well, that certainly was the considerate thing to do. And by the way, that restaurant, a cafeteria, was it? And the name? Harvey's? Lots of people have breakfast there regularly, don't they? Strange time and place for a young woman to disappear. But then, Mary Lee *must* have disappeared at Harvey's, because she never arrived at the military supply store where the lieutenant thought she intended to shop. And, come to think of it, Lieutenant, nobody saw her at Harvey's, either; not any of the regular patrons, or those who wait there for the bus every morning. By the way, about that parking business, while we think of it! We've checked that location for five mornings now, and at *no* time has it been possible for anyone to park parallel with the curb. You must have been right lucky to find a spot.

In a very few days the hunt for Mary Lee Epes snowballed into monstrous proportions. Of course we sent out the customary circulars containing her description, and her father offered \$1,000 reward

for helpful information. The newspapers were full of the mystery, and very soon we were flooded with telephone calls from would-be helpful citizens all over the South. She had been "seen" in Millen, Georgia; in Alexandria, Virginia; in a deserted house near Columbia (which we searched) and at Hardeeville, South Carolina, a little town down Savannah way. The Hardeeville lead looked so promising that John Richardson and Detective Sergeant G. L. Lackey drove down there to investigate. The lieutenant went with them but, unfortunately, he fell asleep en route!

So far as the Columbia Police Department was concerned, our search for Mary Lee Epes was not more than three or four days old when I put two and two together, drew my own conclusions, and won at least the temporary loathing of her father. "I am convinced," I had to tell the old gentleman, "that when we get to the bottom of this business we will find that Lieutenant Epes killed your daughter!" Mr. Williams gave me a look of pure hatred, turned on his heel, and strode out of my office. He didn't enter it again until the case was closed.

Meanwhile, however, our investigation dragged on for the better part of two weeks before the representatives of all co-operating agencies agreed that the time had come to give Lieutenant Samuel C. Epes an intensive grilling. At the time, we hadn't a scintilla of real evidence that he had done away with his wife; we didn't even know that she was dead. But experience supplies a sixth sense in such things, and we all had it. The brutal fact of the matter was that Sam Epes was *too cool, too calm and too collected* to be innocent! He was overplaying the part of the crisp Army type.

On February 12th we invited the lieutenant to the Grand Jury room at 1:45 P.M., and we questioned him until nine o'clock that night. For hours he was by far the coolest man in the room, and he treated the rest of us with the sort of tolerant forbearance you might show a group of eager school boys. But along about eight o'clock we found the key which unlocked—not the *innermost* secrets of Sam Epes' heart, but the first level below the basement, you might say.

"**L**IUTENANT," someone asked, "you were once stationed in Camp Polk, Louisiana?"

The lieutenant's eyes suddenly clouded, but his voice was icily polite: "That fact is to be found in my Army record."

"And you met a young lady while you were in Louisiana?"

Sam Epes' body tautened like a compressed spring. It was the first time any of us had seen him display emotion. "I met several young ladies!" he snapped.

"You wrote quite a few letters to this one."

"I don't know what you mean! I . . . I . . ."

"We know all about it, Sam," another of the inquisitors interjected. "But we'd rather have it in your own words. Maybe there's nothing to it after all."

By this time the lieutenant was swallowing convulsively. I have rarely seen a man go so completely to pieces so fast. "I

wonder if we're thinking of the same person," he whispered hoarsely. "Could you give me a couple of initials?"

"The initials are N. K."

"No! No! Don't bring her into it! Don't even mention her name! Please! I'll be ruined!"

Sam Epes was ruined and he must have known it, although, if there was any doubt about the matter at all, he took good care of it the next morning. Not that he confessed in a formal sense. Instead he tried to commit suicide by slashing his throat and his wrists with a razor. Before doing so he wrote four farewell letters, including one to his inamorata N.K. *But Sam Epes didn't write a single line of farewell to his missing wife!* And when this damning oversight was pointed out to him as he sat, bandaged, on the edge of his bed in the hospital at Fort Jackson two days later, the lieutenant decided the time had come for a last desperate bluff. "All right," he said, "Mary Lee is dead. I didn't kill her, but I buried her body in the maneuver area at Fort Jackson. I'm ready to make a statement."

Sam Epes' statement was as clever and cagey a bit of business as had been his highbanded "assistance" of the authorities in their hunt for his missing wife. In essence his story was this: Mary Lee Epes had been experiencing stomach pains the Saturday night preceding her disappearance. For relief she had taken a number of sodium secenal capsules, he thought as many as 10, in doses of two capsules each, spaced out from 10:30 P.M. until shortly after midnight. Meanwhile the couple had drunk several highballs which he mixed, but they had not become intoxicated.

Sometime early Sunday morning the lieutenant had awakened to find his wife lying dead beside him. He had grown unaccountably terrified, and in his terror had disposed of the body by bundling it in a blanket, driving to Fort Jackson, and burying Mary Lee in a shallow foxhole in a practice area.

On a cold and raw Valentine's Day Sam Epes, in an ambulance, headed a cavalcade of some six or seven cars which drove to the filled-in foxhole he pointed out. I helped lift Mary Lee Epes' body from its grave, and subsequently read with interest the pharmacological report which tore Sam's final story to shreds. Examination indicated that Mary Lee had been given between 20 and 30 grains of sodium secenal. And expert medical testimony indicated that she had been given the drug because, had she taken it of her own volition, before she could possibly have taken 20 grains at the rate of two capsules every half-hour, she would have achieved a condition of unconsciousness deep enough to permit surgery!

The trial of Sam Epes before Judge A. L. Gaston was a social and emotional sensation, to say the least. Both men and women fainted, and while the jury was considering its verdict (and the accused had been removed to an anteroom) bobby-soxers kept dropping notes for the handsome lieutenant at his vacant chair in the courtroom. One of these was a quotation from St. John, 14:31: "Arise, let us go hence!"

That's precisely what Sam did! He went from the courtroom to the South Carolina State Penitentiary, convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to life imprisonment. ♦♦♦



"O.K., O.K., just set him down, I'll look at him later."

# STAG CONFIDENTIAL

Continued from page 35

on your car by 1957 (they'll give you more wear per mile) . . . .

QUICKEST WAY TO LOUSE UP a new brake relining is to go heavy on them right from the start. . . .

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## MEN OUTDOORS

YOU CAN SLAP 30 NOTCHES ON YOUR RIFLE STOCK, but unless one of them represents a dead bear, no young son of yours will ever believe you're a hunter. Funny part is, it's more dangerous to hunt caribou. Bears run the other way, and even when they're wounded, they'll take off rather than fight. A black bear is dangerous when you corner him, but only a special kind of maniac tries to corner a bear. . . .

African pilots would rather do anything than take off and land on a jungle landing strip. Kite hawks, rhino bulls and groups of lions have been known to race right into whirling props of taxiing airplanes. One pilot had to pick up a district commissioner's wife who was expecting a baby. He took off down the runway and his props ran right into and killed—a stork. . . .

You can buy a small battery-light that clips on to your fishing rod and tells you when you've got a nibble by BLINKING ON AND OFF. . . .

## A MAN'S WALLET

THEY'LL STICK YOU TWO BUCKS for a haircut in Chicago on Saturday . . . Don't kid yourself. It takes guts to be a millionaire. Taxes are so murderous that a guy who raps out a million bucks has got to earn \$3.75 to buy a 75-cent golfball. \$25,000 to pay for a \$5,000 Caddie . . . Don't feel bad if you're in debt. You're an average Joe if you're in hock \$625. . . .

Price of underwear is catapulting . . . A good toupee will stand you \$300 but one of those little hair pieces is only \$35 . . . You can't gamble in California, but there's a loophole that says draw poker for stakes is O.K. So expect to see DRAW-POKER PARLORS shooting up all over the desert around Palm Springs, rivaling Las Vegas. . . .

DON'T GO AWAY MAD when you get dirty, mutilated dollars from your bank. The Treasury Department asked banks to keep dollars in circulation as long as possible. It costs almost a penny to pound out a new dollar bill. . . .

There'll be a new drive to "class up" uranium stocks, make them seem more legit. Unless you've got MONEY TO BURN, they're still risky . . . It's getting tougher every day for a vet to buy a house. On a \$10,000 house, he's got to slap down \$200 cash and pay back his mortgage in 25 years. It used to was he didn't put down anything, could take 30 years to pay the mortgage. . . .

Indian officials don't know how to handle the Nizam of Hyderabad, once the richest man in the world. He still LEAVES GOLD BARS AROUND THE PALACE YARD and recently let rats eat their way through \$8.4 million in Indian bank notes in the palace vault . . . George Westinghouse patented a new invention on the average of every six weeks for 48 years during his life. . . .

## INSIDE FOR MEN

YOUNG NUDISTS are having their own activities, conventions, AWAY FROM THE FOLKS. . . .

DuPont is pouring mucho dough into a machine or device that'll actually read people's minds. It can ask people questions, tell what they're going to say even though they don't say it. . . .

Norwegian girls, it turns out, are stricter than American girls WITH THEIR FIRST KISSES, but once the engagement is on, they pull all stops out while American girls generally hold back. . . .

Barbershops around town will give you a fast "graying-at-the-temples" for around \$1.50 or a blackening of gray locks for around \$25. . . .

Chinese leaders are insisting that gowns for women must not be too close-fitting—a little bit bigger than the body of the person wearing them. . . .

## MEN AT HOME

There's talk about a rotating filter that'll adapt your black and white TV set to color, ONLY STAND YOU \$150 . . . Canadians are battling out sturdy, pre-fabricated four-room model houses MADE OF ALUMINUM that sell for \$1,000 . . . The fashion men say it's O.K. to wear only tops or bottoms to sleep at night. . . .

YOU'RE A CHUMP if you sand by hand, and you're a double chump if you don't bother to sand at all (after a woodworking job.) You can pick up a good reciprocating sander for \$12-\$30 that'll save you hours of horse work. . . .

SHOP TIP: A hammer with a one-piece forged head and shank is odds on to make you dead tired. . . .

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## KEEP AWAY FROM THE BLONDE

Continued from page 25

like in the Stockade. Well, it's no different from anyplace else—anyplace, that is, with only men in it. Of course, these are all guys who've gotten into some kind of trouble. But they're not killers or thieves. They're men who couldn't hold their liquor, or talked back to their sergeants, or stayed away on leave too long.

You should hear them talk. None of them made less than \$100 a week before they got in the Army and they all had Cadillacs. All of them were terrorists with women, and there was no man they couldn't lick in a fair fight. Tom liked to brag that way, too, but there was something in the way he talked, in his manner and in his very appearance that carried conviction. He really was tough, and I'll bet he was handy with women, too, because he was a handsome man.

Most of the inmates were serving a few months before going back to duty. It was different with Tom and me. I was supposed to be transferred to Leavenworth to serve a three-year sentence. When Tom finished his six months in the Stockade, the FBI would be waiting for him with a charge of driving a stolen car across a state line. So we had at least one interest in common: escape.

We had it all figured out. Once off the military reservation, we would steal a car and set out for Canada. Our main problem was to get on a work detail together. The Stockade administration tried to keep prisoners who were known to be friends separated during working hours.

Meanwhile, the day set for my transfer to Leavenworth came nearer.

Our chance came when the detail sergeant began calling out volunteer details in the evening. A ditch was being dug outside the compound, circling the fence. Only general prisoners—those awaiting punitive discharges—were allowed to work on it. For this, we were exempted from physical training and drill. The guards—one for every three prisoners—were all goof-offs who had been given this extra duty for fouling up on the daytime details. They were usually not very alert.

It was already dark when we began working at six o'clock. We were digging on the south side of the Stockade. It was very dark there. A solitary street light shone on the road about 100 yards away. Beyond this narrow road was a brush-covered slope leading down to the river, the boundary of the military reservation. Two searchlights played over us continuously from the guard towers at the corners of the fence.

After we had been working for half an hour, Tom whispered to me, "Well, what do you think?"

I glanced around. The guard, obviously bored, was staring off into space.

"Let's go," I said.

Instantly, with a quick motion, Tom threw his shovel, blade first, at the guard. The guard, startled out of his reverie, dropped his shotgun and threw up his arms to protect his face.

We ran, fast, with our bodies sloped forward, as close to the ground as we could get. We heard confused yells. We plunged over the bank on the other side of the road. Now we were in darkness, and safe. As we slid and ran down the slope, an ineffectual shotgun blast showered twigs on us from a tree overhead.

The usual escape route was across the river, which at this season was shallow and full of sandbars. Instead of taking this route, we cut to our left as we reached the bottom of the slope, so that we were now going east. We stayed close to the river for about 500 yards. Then we turned to the north and reascended the bluff above the river.

This brought us right into the busiest section of the fort, the shopping and recreational center for the families of the post's personnel.

It was as quiet there as we had hoped. We could hear the sirens of MP patrol cars in the distance. They faded away to the south and west, following the bank of the river downstream. It seemed that we had figured everything out just right.

From here on it was easy. Beside the post commissary, we found a parked car with the keys in the ignition.

Tom had studied maps of the post and he knew what roads to take. In five minutes, we were driving off through the boondocks on a gravel road.

Tom was feeling good. As he drove, he told me what he would do, if he ever caught them, to the detail sergeant, the compound sergeant, the confinement officer, the assistant confinement officer, and a couple of the guards. He was driving fast, a little too fast for a gravel road.

We drove on for over an hour. I don't know just when we left the military reservation, for I saw no sign announcing the boundary. Soon we began passing occasional farmhouses. All the time I kept looking back nervously, but we were lucky, no headlights appeared on the road behind us.

AFTER 60 or 70 miles we ran out of gas. The motor sputtered and died. "Damn!" said Tom. "That would have to happen." He looked around. We couldn't see a light anywhere. But the sky was clear and we could see well enough to follow the road.

Tom got out and looked up and down the road.

"Willie," he said, "look in the glove compartment. There might be a flashlight."

I opened the glove compartment and

felt around inside it. There was a flashlight, all right, and something else, too.

"Tom," I said, "we're in luck. I found a gun."

"That saves us a lot of trouble. What kind?"

"A revolver; .38, I think."

"Anything else?"

"Flashlight, a few rags, some papers."

"Well, take the gun and the flashlight and let's go. We're gonna have to do some walking."

It was nice, walking along the road in the dark. It was the quietest country I was ever in. The birds had all gone south, and the crickets and frogs had knocked off for the winter. It was pretty chilly, but we were dressed warm.

We hadn't been walking more than a quarter of an hour when we spotted the house. It was set back from the road, and if there had been trees in front of it we never would have seen it. But this wasn't the country for trees. We could see the house plainly against the pale starlight. There were no lights.

THIS was just what we wanted. In a house there would be food, civilian clothes, maybe money.

"This is it, cookie," Tom said. "Let's see what we can find."

"Suppose somebody's home," I said. "These farmers go to bed pretty early."

"It isn't even nine o'clock yet. Nobody goes to bed *that* early."

We walked up to the front door. Our combat boots were loud on the wooden step. We groped for the door handle.

Suddenly the large window to the right of the door was illuminated. Somebody had turned on the lights in the front room.

I wanted to run. Even Tom looked unsure of himself as light footsteps approached the door. Then the door opened and it was too late to do anything. We would have to go through with it.

It was a girl who had opened the door, a short, rather plump blonde. Her hair was mussed and she was busily smoothing down her dress. Her face was very red.

A young man was sitting stiffly on the living-room sofa, a gawky, freckle-faced farm kid of maybe 17. His face was red, too. Obviously a boy-friend, not a husband.

"Yes?" said the girl sharply. "What is it?" Tom was staring at her, not at all indifferently. It seemed to make her nervous.

"Are the folks at home?" Tom asked her in his most polite tone.

"No, they've gone down to the Johnsons'."

"And when do you expect them back?" to see them?"

"Not especially," said Tom. He brushed her aside and walked into the room. I followed him in and closed the door behind me.

"What do you want?" the girl said shrilly. She was scared and a little mad.

"Just relax, beautiful," Tom said. "We're not going to bite you."

She looked around helplessly. "Ed—"

she said. The boy on the sofa stood up.

(Continued on page 52)

STARTING TO GET BALD?

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2. Typical cross-section made from scalp of a successful Brandenfels user, a few weeks after following instructions. Now the doctors' comments were: the follicle has increased in size, the opening is no longer plugged and a tiny hair is in evidence.

3. Now, with hair regrown, this microscopic enlargement of a cross-section was made. The doctors said: the follicle has increased in size, the plug in the opening has disappeared and the hair shaft in the follicle is proof of new production.

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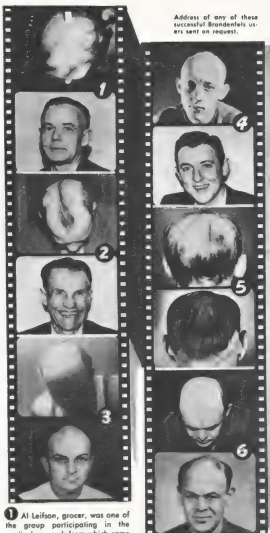
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1 Al Leifson, grocer, was one of the group participating in the medical research from which came the microscopic enlargements of follicles "before" and "after" shown at the left.

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"Well, that's the way the old ball bounces!"

(Continued from page 50)

He looked at us nervously, as though he thought he ought to throw us out. But it was plain he was no match for either of us, although he was a little taller than me.

I began to reach in my field jacket pocket for the revolver, but Tom grabbed my arm to prevent me. He knew he wouldn't need it yet.

The boy screwed up a little courage. "Listen, mister," he protested, "I don't know what you want, but you'd better say what it is or get out."

"Make me," said Tom quietly. He was enjoying himself.

I guess the presence of the girl made the boy want to put on a hero act, for now he did something very foolish. He tried to swing at Tom. He was an awkward kid, and he telegraphed that punch all the way to Mexico. Before he could get well started, Tom landed one on his jaw. The kid gave a faint grunt, and toppled all over the floor.

Tom walked to where the kid's head was resting on the floor. He drew back his foot, aiming for the temple.

"Don't kill him, Tom," I said.

Tom laughed. He lowered his foot to the floor again. Then he grabbed the kid's collar to raise his head, and landed another one on his jaw. That boy would stay out for a long time.

**I** LOOKED at the girl. She had been edging away from us. Now she stood in the doorway which apparently led to the kitchen.

"Come here, sister," Tom said to her.

She just shook her head. Her eyes were wide and scared. I was beginning to feel like a heel.

"All we want," Tom said patiently, is some information. Like where does your dad keep his clothes? And where's some food?"

The girl began to speak, her voice almost inaudible. But we could hear . . .

hall closet . . . upstairs . . . and that was enough for us.

"I'll go get the clothes, Willie," Tom said. "You go and see if you can rustle up some food."

**H**E loped upstairs, two steps at a time. I walked into the kitchen. The girl was standing in the doorway. She shrank against the wall when I walked past her.

I rummaged through some cupboards until I found some cans. I took out two cans of pork and beans and opened them on the can opener attached to the wall.

"Where are the spoons?" I asked. The girl pointed to a cupboard drawer. I drew two spoons from it.

I sat down at the table and began eating right out of the can. After a few mouthfuls, I looked up at the girl. She was still standing to one side in the doorway. I guess she was afraid someone would walk her if she made a motion or a sound.

"I wish you'd relax," I said. "There's nothing to be scared of. We'll be leaving in a little while now. So why not try to enjoy it while it lasts?"

We could hear Tom stamping around upstairs. She glanced up at the ceiling fearfully.

"Don't mind my friend," I went on. "He gets a little rough sometimes. But he wouldn't hurt you."

With my foot, I pushed out a chair on the opposite side of the table. "Have a seat," I told her.

She hesitated a while, but she finally came over and sat down. She looked at me as though I were some fantastic animal in the zoo.

"That's better," I said. "And don't look at me that way. I'm really a quiet, friendly guy." I knew I was talking too much. I don't think she even heard half of what I was saying. It was just that I hadn't talked to a woman in a long time.

Tom came clumping down the stairs

and entered the kitchen. His arms were full of clothes.

"We're all set," he said, grinning. "They don't have quite my size, but these'll do for the road."

He tossed the clothes on top of the pantry and sat down at the table. He took a mouthful of beans. "I could use something hot," he said. "Say, sweetie, could you fix us up a cup of coffee?"

The girl rose silently and walked toward the stove. As she passed Tom's chair, he patted her bottom in a friendly way. She merely quickened her steps. She didn't even look around.

**T**OM, I said, "save that till we get to Canada."

"Anything you say, Captain." He grinned again. There was an odd look in his eyes, one I'd never seen there before. It was as though he were slightly drunk. It made me feel uncomfortable. Tom was always an unpredictable guy.

He cocked an eye at me. "You two seem to be getting along pretty well. What's her name?"

"I don't know," I said. "She's not much of a talker."

"That's the kind of woman I like. Well, whatever your name is"—he turned his chair to face her—"how did your boy friend get over here?"

She raised her head. "How do you mean?" she asked sullenly.

"I mean, did he have a car?"

"Yes."

"What did he do with it?"

"He parked it out in the back." She pointed toward the kitchen's back door.

"Thanks, sugar. That's all I wanted to know."

He walked into the living room. When he came back, he was carrying a ring of keys.

"Got what you wanted, I take it," I said.

"Yep. Of course," he added to the girl, who was still standing by the stove, "what I really want is what you were giving your boy friend when we came up."

She flushed to the roots of her hair.

"We were talkin'," she said in a muffled voice.

**S**URE, that's what I mean." He laughed. "I ain't had any conversation in three months."

"Tom," I said, "why don't you lay off?"

He looked at me and he wasn't smiling. "Look, little man, you leave me be and I'll leave you be. The trouble with you," he added more jocularly, "is that you don't know how to enjoy yourself." With that, he walked out the door.

As soon as he had gone, the girl sank back into her chair. For a few moments, she was silent. Out in back, we heard a car door slamming.

Then I heard her murmuring. Her voice was so faint I could hardly understand what she said. It sounded like, "What's it all about?"

"You'll hear about it tomorrow," I said. "We pulled out of the Stockade at Fort Clark a couple of hours ago. We're heading for—home," I finished lamely.

(Continued on page 54)

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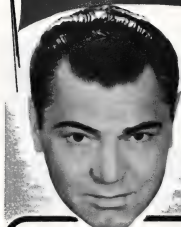
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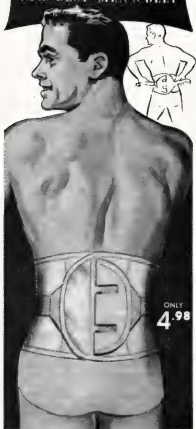
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(Continued from page 52)

Suddenly I realized I had almost said too much.

"How do you expect to get away with it?" Her voice was more confident.

"It shouldn't be hard. The MPs and the FBI will be looking for us, but I think we can keep ahead of 'em." I liked talking to her. She was—well, in the first place she was a woman, and besides that, her silence made her seem a sympathetic listener.

So I explained a little more. "That's why we don't want to hurt anybody. That would just attract attention from the civilian law. Your boy friend will be all right. He just got knocked out. It happens to all of us once in a while."

The corner of her mouth widened a bit. She almost smiled.

"That's it," I said. "Do that a little more."

She couldn't quite achieve a smile, but her voice was a shade friendlier.

"I don't care about *that*," she said looking scornfully at the living room. "You seem—all right. But your friend—" She shuddered. "I think he's crazy."

I wished she hadn't said that. I knew what she meant. Tom was beginning to worry me, too.

"He's been cooped up for three months," I said. "You can't expect—"

The back door opened. Tom came in.

"That's quite a hotrod your boy friend's got," he said. "We'll be lucky if it holds together till we reach the state line."

"How much food do you want to bring along, Tom?" I asked him.

"Better bring plenty," he said. "We're going to have a passenger."

I stared at him: "Huh?"

"We're bringing Sweetie-pie with us."

The girl gasped and gaped at us, open-mouthed.

"Tom," I protested, "you're crazy. We don't want the local law on our tails. Besides—"

"Besides what, Galahad?" He was still grinning faintly, but there was anger in his voice. "You two have been getting along so nicely while I wasn't around. I want to give her a chance to get ac-

quainted with a real man for a change."

"Tom," I said, "you can't do it."

"Who's gonna stop me?"

"By God, I am!"

He rested his hands on his hips and looked at me. It was as if he couldn't believe his eyes. "You! You little—! Don't kid yourself, Willie, my boy. Do you think you can stand up to me? I could break you in half."

He was right, of course.

"Tom," I said desperately, "you're bigger and tougher than me, but you need me. You don't need her."

"That's what you think. I haven't been with a woman for three months and I'm not going to wait for three more." He began to walk around the table toward me. "Willie, am I gonna have to twist your arm? I can make you do anything I want you to do."

He was a few feet away from me, coming slow. I put my hand in my field jacket pocket. I didn't have time to take the revolver out. I just gripped the handle, and, before I knew what had happened, I pulled the trigger.

It didn't make much noise, just a brief, sharp crack like a hammer hitting hard wood. I felt no kick. For a second, I couldn't believe I had actually fired it.

Then I saw that Tom had been hit. He stumbled against the table and slumped slowly to the floor. His eyes were open and blood was pouring from his mouth. I think he was dead when he hit the floor.

For a moment, I just stood there, wondering what had happened. Then the girl started screaming. It sounded as though her voice was coming from a long way off. I could smell my field jacket where the gun's blast had scorched it.

Then I turned and ran from the room. I went out into the darkness, running and stumbling. For a long time, I could hear the girl's scream, growing fainter until it sounded like a baby's wail.

Sometime before dawn I stumbled onto the railroad tracks and caught a freight lumbering by.

I don't think I'll make it. Canada is still a long way from me. And, somehow, freedom doesn't seem to mean as much as it did. ♦♦♦





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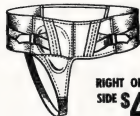
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Send me the 10 high-fidelity long-playing Jazz Classics listed above. PLUS a free copy of "This Music Called Jazz". Also reserve a Trial Membership in my name. After 5 days I will either return these recordings or send only \$1 (plus a few cents shipping) as payment in full.  
I am not obligated to buy any other records from the Society. I will receive an advance description of future monthly releases. I may try any of these—free of charge. I may reject any recording, before or after I receive it. And I may cancel my Trial Membership at any time. For future selections I decide to keep I will pay the special member's low price of just \$2.75 plus a few cents for shipping per 12" disc. Saving of over 40% off their usual retail price.  
LIMIT: One sample package per customer.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Canada: 146 Bloor Street, Toronto 2, Ont.

# INSTANT COMFORT AND RELIEF FOR YOU WITH THIS RELIEVER FOR YOUR RUPTURE

NO FITTING REQUIRED  
EASILY ADJUSTED

FOR MEN, WOMEN and  
CHILDREN



RIGHT OR LEFT  
SIDE \$4.98  
DOUBLE \$4.98

THE WRIGHT-BRACER  
FOR YOUR RUPTURE

INVISIBLE UNDER  
CLOTHING



THE WRIGHT-BRACER FOR YOUR RUPTURE must  
be the BEST BRACER FOR YOUR RUPTURE YOU  
EVER WORE. IT MUST GIVE YOU MORE COMFORT  
AND BETTER RELIEF OR YOU GET EVERY  
CENT BACK AT ONCE!

No matter how many braces you have tried for your rupture, we believe NO OTHER BRACER FOR YOUR RUPTURE can do for you more than WRIGHT-BRACER. THE WRIGHT-BRACER IS A WASHABLE SUPPORT, IT'S STRONG, FIRM FITTING AND SCIENTIFICALLY DESIGNED TO GIVE YOU RELIEF AND COMFORT! No lines to bother with... Simply slip into it... adjust the leg straps and side straps... that's all! Soft-but firm and NO STEEL, NO LEATHER BANDS! Many use it as after operation support... FITS SO WELL!... it does NOT SHOW THROUGH CLOTHING—washes like a dream... NO ONE—NOT EVEN YOUR DANCING PARTNER, CAN TELL YOU ARE WEARING IT. Satisfy adjusted to your OWN comfort!

● NO FITTING REQUIRED... simply send us your measurement in inches around the lowest part of abdomen... specify right or left side or double.

● NEW-AMAZING MEDIA SUPPORT. THOUSANDS of people have written to us about the WRIGHT-BRACER FOR YOUR RUPTURE for new comfort—after trying old-fashioned expensive devices.

● MODERN—SANITARY... Fits comfortably—washes and dries quickly, you can be adjusted with it. WRIGHT-BRACER FOR YOUR RUPTURE.

IT MUST GIVE MORE COMFORT AND RELIEF OR MONEY BACK!

Read What Users Say: Wright Bracer Co., Dept. 162

318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey



BE SURE TO GIVE  
YOUR SIZE AND SIDE  
WASH ORGANS!

Mr. N. N. York, City, writes: "Send another WRIGHT-BRACER. It enables me to work on my printing press 7 hours a day."  
Mr. K. L. of Chicago, writes: "Send me another as I'll have one to change off with. It's the most comfortable and gives me more relief than I ever had."  
Mr. B. S. of Palmetto, N. J., writes: "I made my life worth living—thanks to another one of your braces. The most important thing I own."

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY! NOW! SENT ON APPROVAL

WRIGHT BRACER CO., Dept. 162  
318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

YES! PLEASE RUSH MY "WRIGHT-BRACER" on approval. If not delighted I will return within ten days. I enclose \$4.98 for one side type. (I enclose \$4.98 for double type.) I save up to 75% postage by sending payment with order.

Right side □ \$4.98 Measure around lowest part of my abdomen in inches is  
Left side □ \$4.98  
Double □ \$4.98

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City & State \_\_\_\_\_

SEND ON 10 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!



## HOW I MADE A MILLION

Continued from page 41

was sweeping the country. I decided to build racing cars. It was exciting. Before I realized it, I was spending so much time building and racing "Muntz Specials" my agency went on the rocks. I was broke.

I got into the pin ball and slot machine business. I worked hard to build up a route. When I had it worked up and it was starting to pay off, Chicago racketeers moved in on me and squeezed me out.

I was 26 years old and flat broke. I decided to hitch-hike to a warm climate. I flipped a coin to see if it would be California or Florida. California it was. When I arrived, there was no Chamber of Commerce or band out to meet me. I landed there strictly C.O.D.

I washed dishes, picked fruit, dug ditches, milked cows, any kind of work to keep alive. By the following spring I'd saved up enough to buy six old cars. I rented a vacant lot in Glendale, near Los Angeles. I polished the cars daily and kept them parked at the front of the lot where I had erected a huge sign MUNTZ USED CARS.

I was confident of making a success for I had read that the Los Angeles area had more automobiles per capita than any place in the world. But when I didn't sell any cars—everybody seemed to rush past without stopping—I decided maybe I was wrong, maybe Californians already had too many cars. The landlord stopped in and took an old Packard I had in lieu of rent. That left me five cars.

After the bombing of Pearl Harbor everybody was talking war and no one was buying cars. I decided I'd have to close my business. It was then that General Chiang Kai-shek came into my life.

A fellow stopped in my lot and rented space to park 13 cars. They were right-hand-drive cars en route to the Orient, one a long, black, powerful, bullet-proof Lincoln limousine for the generalissimo. The cars had been stopped en route on account of military supplies having a priority.

After newspapers printed pictures and stories on Chiang Kai-shek's car people flocked to my lot to see it. Occasionally one would buy a used car. Now I was able to eat three square meals a day.

When I saw what happened after the publicity was given the general's car I came to realize the value of advertising. But somehow I just couldn't lay up a reserve to buy some.

I decided to do something about it anyway. I had heard of a young man from New York named Mike Shore who was doing a whiz of a job getting publicity for night club entertainers in Hollywood. This chap even wrote songs as a hobby.

I had lunch with Mike one day to see if he'd get some publicity for my used car

lot. He's a genius when it comes to ideas and immediately mapped out a terrific program. We shook hands to close the deal. Mike didn't say anything about money nor did I want to show my ignorance by asking questions. I merely told him to shoot the works. After all I was just a small-town boy.

Mike didn't know that all the capital I had was what I had in my pocket to pay the luncheon check and a few old cars on my Glendale lot. This was an era when everybody was expected to have money, but I was an exception.

HE started a wacky advertising campaign of self-ridicule, calling me Madman Muntz. The publicity and advertising campaign turned out to be the biggest thing that ever hit Southern California. It brought so many customers that we had to start a campaign to buy cars to take care of the demand.

From that time on I became the Napoleon of screwballs—the automotive madman. In addition to radio and newspapers we used 176 large billboards in the Los Angeles area. On each advertisement I was shown as a Napoleon character, wearing a three-cornered hat, spurred boots and long, red underwear. Skywriters were hired to spell out my name in the sky with trails of smoke.

The first billboard ad announced, "I wanna give 'em away—but Mrs. Muntz won't let me. SHE'S CRAZY!" At the bottom of the sign it said, "Outselling every other automobile dealer in America."

You're probably asking how I got all this advertising without starting out with money. The zany sales campaign was so successful that I sold so many cars in the first month I was able to discount all the bills. At the end of two months I was able to crash the famous Automobile Row in downtown Los Angeles. I bought a corner building from Charles S. Howard, pioneer Buick dealer, worth about \$300,000. Mr. Howard is probably best remembered as owner of Seabiscuit, the horse that earned \$437,730 for its owner. When I heard of all the money made by this horse I came to the conclusion I should have bought myself a horse rather than those midget racing cars back at Elgin!

When I moved down on Automobile Row the other dealers didn't welcome me. To them I was just a young chap who had been lucky and won fame and fortune by using zany advertising methods. Boy, did these sedate rivals give me a cold shoulder when I erected a sign in front of my business re-naming Los Angeles' historic Figueroa Street "Muntz Boulevard," even using it on my letterheads.

(Continued on page 58)



## 57

# MEN PAST 40

## Afflicted With Getting Up Nights, Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness, Tiredness.

If you are a victim of the above symptoms, the trouble may be due to Glandular Inflammation. A constitutional Disease for which there is little for sufferers to try to treat themselves at home. Medicines that give temporary relief will not remove the cause of your trouble.

To men of middle age or past this type of inflammation occurs frequently. It is accompanied by loss of physical vigor, graying of hair, forgetfulness and often increase in weight. Neglect of such inflammation causes men to grow old before their time—premature senility and possibly incurable conditions.

Most men, it is true, are taken before manhood has developed, can be successfully NON-SURGICALLY treated for Glandular Inflammation. If the condition is aggravated by lack of treatment, surgery may be the only chance.

### NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS

The NON-SURGICAL treatments afforded at the Excelsior Institute are the result of 20 years research by scientific Technologists and Competent Doctors.

The War brought many new techniques and drugs. These added to the research already accomplished has produced a new type of treatment that is proving of great benefit to man as he advances in years.

The Excelsior Institute is devoted exclusively to the treatment of diseases of men of advancing years. Men from all walks of life and from over 1,000 cities and towns have been successfully treated. They found soothing and comforting relief and a new zest in life.

#### LOW COST EXAMINATION

On your arrival here our Doctors make a complete examination. You then decide if you will take the treatments needed. They are so mild they do not require hospitalization. A considerable saving in expense.

#### Write Today for Our

The Excelsior Institute has published a New FREE Book that deals only with diseases peculiar to men. Gives factual knowledge that could prove of utmost importance to you. There is no obligation. Address

**RECTAL  
COLON**  
Are also associated with Glandular Inflammation. We can treat these for you at the same time.

**FREE**  
ILLUSTRATED BOOK



#### EXCELSIOR INSTITUTE

Dept. 7077  
Excelsior Springs, Mo.  
Guarantee. Kindly send at once your New

FREE BOOK. I am \_\_\_\_\_ years old

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(Continued from page 56)

But the public loved it and it got so I was expected to attend Hollywood parties, night clubs and civic affairs dressed in my Napoleon outfit.

The title of the largest automobile dealer in America had long been claimed by an old auto firm in Los Angeles and when I used it on my billboards the Better Business Bureau sent a reprimand for my bragging. To vindicate myself I referred them to the Motor Vehicle Department showing where I had sold \$867,000 worth of used cars in a single month.

Next they dressed me down for my type of billboard advertising, especially where I said, "I buy 'em retail, sell 'em wholesale—more fun that way."

I had the letter reprinted and gave it wide circulation. My advertising was so fantastic that the public could not take it seriously. They loved it, and they seemed to take the zany Napoleon character we originated to their hearts. They'd watch eagerly to see what changes would be made on the billboards.

My name was a local household word. My advertising campaign had swept over Southern California like an epidemic. Radio comedians like Bob Hope started using my name for laughs on their radio programs. Columnists like Hedda Hopper, Luella Parsons, Walter Winchell, Leonard Lyons, Earl Wilson, Floralbel Muir and Jimmie Fidler mentioned my name. Because of my popularity at Hollywood parties they'd call me the celebrities' celebrity.

Older auto dealers along Auto Row predicted I'd soon fold up, that I was a flash in the pan. But I fooled them—I expanded, taking on the Kaiser-Frazer distribution for Southern California and New York City. I installed 60 dealers in California and 71 in New York and was selling 17 percent of the factory's output.

Each comment, praise or criticism, was publicity for the car business. The *Griffith Park News* took this dig at me:

"MUNTZ!—He's swept the country like the Fuller Brush Man. According to the latest statistics, he's done more to return people to work, following the flu epidemic, than sulfa drugs. They get tired of listening to the same old thing. Radio repair men have reported a greater volume in fixing up sets hurled at defenseless walls than in many years. Frankly, for muntz and muntz we've been wanting to meet Muntz, so we could puntz Muntz, and make muntzmeat out of Muntz.

"And so this squawk amuntz to this. He's muntz behind in changing his radio program. Recommendation: that he change his slogan to, 'Sell your car to Muntz, you duntz!'"

Operators of sightseeing buses routed their buses to give tourists a peek at my home and used car lots. I had parking space for 150 cars at my Beverly Hills home. I was always expected to furnish a bit of lunacy at a party. I tried not to disappoint them. My parties were called "The Party Of The Muntz." I gave a party one night for a large group of movie people. While their cars were parked I had large signs painted on them. When the owners came out to get into their limousine, station wagon or sport car

they found it painted up telling how much "Madman" Muntz would pay them for it. Several took me up.

When I lost an election bet to Jerry Colonna he made me don a horse collar and pull him down Hollywood Boulevard in a fringed buggy. He invited Jane Farrar and Jane Wyman along for the ride to make it more difficult. I'd gladly have pulled these girls all over the town, bet or no bet.

In school I had read the story about Lady Godiva. I decided if she could get so much publicity riding a horse I could, too. Godiva was a lady in every sense of the word, her modesty matched only by her courage. She was her own press agent, while I had Mike Shore. She released the story of her jaunt to insure privacy, urging the citizens to close their shutters and play dead until she was safely back in her boudoir. Mike advertised to bring out a crowd.

Riding a white steed, the lady was clad only in her birthday suit, her long, thick tresses, and a modest blush. I was mounted on a sway-backed, mangy nag, dressed in my Napoleon outfit with my red underwear decorated with the phrase, *E pluribus Muntz*. I rode down busy Sunset Boulevard, waving acknowledgments to the laughing thousands who filled the sidewalks. Godiva the Beautiful rode down the deserted streets of Coventry.

I SOLD my auto business in 1947 and threw my lot into a completely new field—television. Many said I'd lost my shirt, but I had confidence in myself and the new industry. I started to manufacture Muntz TV sets in California, later moving to the Chicago area to be nearer supplies. It wasn't long before I was turning out over \$50,000,000 worth of sets a year. It was my aim to give the public the largest screens for the least amount of money.

And I intend doing that with color sets, too. We're all geared and ready to swing into color production whenever the broadcasters turn it loose. Color sets will be rolling off our assembly line like doughnuts out of a doughnut machine.

After introducing my 27-inch TV set, I was in a New York night club. One of the entertainers, a sad-eyed magician, recognized me and came down to my table. "You're ruining my act, Muntz. You're putting me out of business," he said. "The image is so big now on your sets the public is catching onto my tricks."

I've worked hard all my life and had my share of setbacks. I'll admit I have appreciated it when various recognitions for my business ability came my way, including the Horatio Alger Award and the Business Oscar. The latter I received, along with men like Paul G. Hoffman and President Eisenhower, for "achieving success despite adversity."

I've spent a small fortune in trying to make people believe I'm crazy. I have had a lot of fun playing the Napoleonic character and I believe the public has gotten a lot of fun out of it, too.

Sometimes I wonder if my campaign to make people believe I'm crazy has been a success or not, for quite often I'll overhear someone laugh and say, "Sure, Earl Muntz is crazy—crazy like a fox!" ♦♦♦



#### Saves Businessmen Money

"I am a business man. On several vacations I have been to Cuba and Mexico. I didn't know what anybody was saying. Had to depend on a guide, pay him twenty dollars per day. Now I will be able to take care of myself. I'll know what people are saying and save money." — R. Bankston, Thomaston, Ga.



#### Italian Course Helps Career

"As a singer, I wished only to insure my accurate pronunciation of Italian and learn enough grammar to make translations of operatic roles. However, I became so interested in the beautiful Italian language that I have continued my study. It has been invaluable in my singing career." —Paula Brown, New York.



#### Opens Up New World

"A 'new world' has been opened for me. It has helped me win new friends and increased my self-confidence. I now have fun talking to different kinds of people. I am recommending Cortina to all my friends." — M. Malagisi, Liverpool, N. Y.



#### Records Make It Possible

To Learn Without a Tutor  
"The Course is interesting and records make it possible to learn that which would be most difficult without attending school or hiring a tutor." — Sally Seidler, Pomona, N. J.



#### Learns Perfect Accent

"I'll always remember the day I learned my Cortina Spanish course as one of the smart things I did. Now when Latin Americans come to the club to hear me and my orchestra, they comment on my correct accent and native pronunciation." — F. Harter, Chicago, Ill.



## JUST LISTENING TO THIS

# FREE RECORD

## Started Thousands Speaking

## RUSSIAN OR SPANISH

## RIGHT AWAY!

#### Head of School Praises French Course

"It is a pleasure to comment on the excellent French course. I had forgotten almost all my French and was delighted to see my progress. Your course is a remarkably easy and comprehensive one." — Blanche Moon, Director — Moon Secretarial School.



#### Makes New Friends Speak.

Ing German  
"My knowledge of German through the Cortina Course has made me an immediate friend of most German people I meet. In my position it means a great deal. You would be surprised at the different fields it opens." — Donald G. Dugan, Dayton, Ohio.



#### "Wonderful Investment"

"I have improved my Spanish a lot. It will help me on a trip to South America — in stores, buses, restaurants, etc. If at age 64 I learned such the Cortina Method it should be easy for younger students. It's a wonderful investment." — C. Sweeney, New Orleans, La.



THOUSANDS of folks have found out how easy it is to learn a second language at home. Now YOU can, too — thanks to that amazing FREE offer. Simply mail the coupon below. A two-sided, non-breakable sample record PLUS a complete Sample Cortina Lesson will be rushed to you — BOTH FREE!

Just listen as your native instructor speaks to you on the record. Let your eyes follow the words in the Sample Lesson. At first the words are simple. Then your cultured-voiced instructor groups them into interesting phrases and sentences. Almost immediately — you start "chatting away" in a new language — and with a perfect accent!

You learn by listening — just as a child learns. You speak with a perfect accent — because that's all you hear. You can't go wrong.

#### Makes More Money — Win New Friends

— Get More Fun Out of Traveling

No wonder thousands of folks like you — some of them teachers, some who had already tried several other ways to learn a language — have learned a foreign language *this easy way*. Just a few ex-



Also:  
• RUSSIAN  
• GERMAN  
• ITALIAN  
• JAPANESE  
• BRAZILIAN-PORTUGUESE

cerpts from actual letters are shown on this page telling how quickly and easily they learned the language of their choice. And how much the knowledge of a new language has helped them in making more money — new friends — social and cultural contacts — and increased travel fun!

#### A Wonderful Time to Start

Now is the perfect time to learn a new language. American business abroad is booming; travel is running into billions. Well-paying, interesting jobs are open both here and overseas, for two-language Americans. And a second language makes your trip abroad twice as enjoyable, saves expenses, and makes interesting foreign friendships for you.

#### Mail Coupon for Free Record

There are no "strings" to Cortina's offer. But the offer may end soon. So you are advised to hurry. Simply mail coupon with 25¢ (coin or stamps) to help cover cost of special packaging, shipping. You will also get free information about the famous Cortina "Short-Cut" Method. No obligation.

#### Teaches in South America

"Just a few lines to let you know how important the Cortina course is to me. Using your method, I learned the Spanish language so well that I was able to teach engineering in Colombia, South America for several years. It has been very valuable in my career." — D. McRae, Miami, Fla.



#### Amazes Spanish-Speaking Friends After Just 4 Weeks

"I have benefited from your course even after just 4 weeks of study. My Spanish speaking friends are amazed and compliment me on my accent. I wish I had started your course years ago." — L. Ferguson, Mo.



#### Gets Better Job

"Cortina Academy helped me very much. I have had a great opportunity to find new and more interesting employment." — M. Limon, Winkelman, Ariz.



#### Learns Spanish in No Time at All

"I am a member of the Royal Canadian Navy. We often go to Latin countries. I feel that knowing their language will help me. I am French and it took me close to 5 years to learn English. But it took me hardly any time to learn Spanish, thanks to Cortina." — J. Dubois, Esquimaux, Can.



#### Tries Other Courses —

Decides on Cortina

"I tried other courses before I decided upon Cortina. Your records are clearer than those of any other language course that I have tried. The course is one of the best investments I have or will make." — Charlie Ketterman, Elix., N.J.



#### French Course Increases Travel Pleasure

"Your French Course recently came in good stead during a recent stay in Cuba. When my English served me no avail, my French came to the rescue. My French was of immense help in Canada also last month. Made my trip so much more enjoyable." — Jean Verdecchia, Erie, Pa.



## MAIL COUPON FOR FREE RECORD

CORTINA ACADEMY, Dept. 702

134 W. 52nd Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me a FREE sample record Plus a FREE lesson in:

☐ SPANISH ☐ FRENCH ☐ RUSSIAN ☐ GERMAN

☐ ITALIAN ☐ JAPANESE ☐ Brazilian-Portuguese

and complete information about the famous Cortina "Short-Cut" Method. Enclosed is 25¢ (coin or stamps) to help cover the cost of special packaging, shipping. No obligation.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# Fix yours

## THIS "EASY EXPERT" WAY!

**FIX CARS EASIER AND BETTER** than you may have thought possible—even if you've never so much as tried to tune up an engine before. These famous Chilton manuals guide you every step of the way... tell you what to do and exactly how to do it... show what mistakes to avoid... even what tools to use. Hundreds of pictures, diagrams, charts make things doubly clear. Use coupon. Check manual you want.



**JUST LOOK UP THE JOB YOU WANT TO DO!**

### Fix FORDS!

Handle any Ford repair, tune-up or adjustment like an expert! This new 146-page Chilton Manual gives step-by-step service instructions on EVERY model since 1960. Complete service data covers practically EVERY part including standard and Fordomatic transmissions, power steering, axles, brakes, fuel pumps, carburetors, starters, generators, regulators and all the rest! Special data and charts help you locate troubles in a jiffy. Price only \$2.95.



### Fix CHEVROLETS!

This special Chilton 160-page 8 1/2 x 12-size manual makes it easy, even for beginners to repair ANY Chevrolet made from 1940 to the present. Complete repair instructions include troubleshooting data and charts, wiring diagram and full details on power steering. Powerglide and all other working parts. Price only \$2.95.



### Fix PLYMOUTHs!

Here is your fast, easy service guide to practically every part of EVERY Plymouth model since 1960. Includes complete, how-to-fix-it data on wiring - axles - brakes - carburetors - cooling - ignition - engines - transmissions - suspensions - pumps - and more. So short, any part you might ever want to repair, tune-up or adjust. Price only \$2.95.



### PRACTICE 10 DAYS... IT'S FREE!

THE CHILTON COMPANY, Dept. SGF-26  
5606 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 25, PA.

Send me the Chilton ☐ "FORD"; or ☐ "CHEVROLET"; or ☐ "PLYMOUTH" auto service manual for 10-day free examination. (Check the one you want). I will then either send you \$2.95 plus dic postage and handling or return manual and owe nothing.

**SAVE!** Send \$2.95 with order and Chilton pays postage and handling. Items 10-day return privilege with money refunded.

Name

Address

City, Zone, State

Chilton Books are sold by leading book stores

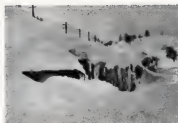


### PLAY GUITAR IN 7 DAYS OR GET MONEY BACK

Surprise Friends, Relatives, have

Popularity and Fun Galore!

**SEND NO MONEY**  
In this introductory offer you get 70¢ RHYTHM GUITAR and 20¢ RHYTHM GUITAR which positively teaches you to play a beautiful melody in 7 days. No refunding by our or no seven days! Contains 16 lessons, 16 finger placing charts, 16. Shows how to tune, keep time, build chords, licks, riffs, dance chords, swing, etc. plus 110 popular and western songs. \$1.00. Open order of all the above items—TOTAL VALUE \$1.75—also \$1.99 for only \$1.00. NO MONEY DOWN! \$1.00 cash or \$1.00 plus C.O.D. postage. (Or send \$2.00 with order, \$1.00 cash or \$1.00 plus C.O.D. postage.) Please Give Name, Address, P.O. or Postable U.S.A. Garage and Warehouse \$2.00 with order. J. EP. SALE - STUDIO 3705-A - BRADLEY BEACH, M. J.



## TRAIN DELAYED—MAYBE FOREVER

Continued from page 30

compartment door and told pretty much the same story:

"I'm afraid we've been hemmed in by a snowslide and we may be here for a while. There's nothing to be alarmed about; there's plenty of food aboard and the heating system will be kept going."

I looked from his boots, still covered with snow, to his eyes as he talked to me. And I said, "When do you think we'll get out?"

He didn't answer for quite a while. Then he said, "I don't know, Mr. Cleary. We'll never get out by ourselves, I can tell you that, and as long as this storm keeps blowing they'll never be able to get any kind of equipment up here."

**A**FTER he left, I walked up to the club car. I needed a drink—badly—and I needed to see some other faces so I wouldn't feel so damned alone. On the way, I stopped to look out, but there was nothing to see but snow, tons and tons of snow.

I left my order at the bar and wedged into a seat between a well-dressed woman of 35 or so and a fat man who kept trying to light his cigar, and never did manage it in all the time I was there. It was plain that they had all gotten the word in the club car—there must have been 40 or 50 people there—and each one was digesting it in his own peculiar way. There were plenty of frightened faces, but there was also some loud laughter, greased by a free flow of liquor.

"Have you heard anything more?" asked my rich-looking lady friend, fingering her fur piece.

"Nothing except that we're blocked by snow," I said. "I don't even know where we are."

"Railroad'll hear plenty from me about this," snarled the fat man. "Hell of a nerve."

I couldn't help smiling; at this point even a touch of comic relief was mighty welcome. Then the conductor came in and instantly a babble of voices, all punctuated with question marks, rose to meet him. He held up both hands:

"Please, folks. Please." The sound died down. "There is practically nothing more I can tell you besides what I've already said. We're stuck all right, but there's nothing to worry about."

"Where the hell are we?" someone shouted from the back of the car.

"We're in the Donner Pass, about 20 miles from the nearest town, Emigrant Gap. But word has already gone out and all we can do now is wait. As far as meals are concerned, they'll be served at the regular time, but we'll all have to share and share alike until we get some definite word on how long we'll be here. Please bear with us. Please be patient."

Fat Boy waddled to his feet and charged for the conductor and I could see that forefinger of his poised for a few good shakings, but all he got for his pains was a firm, "Sorry, sir, that's all I have to say." The conductor turned and walked out and, for a minute or two, the silence in that club car was charged with raw tension. When the babble broke out again, I downed my drink and went back to my car.

My berth was made up—add Pullman porters to mailmen when you talk about neither rain nor snow interfering with a job to be done—and I climbed in, although sleep wasn't very likely. I found myself thinking about my wife and the kids and insurance policies and wills. Later, when I began to doze, it was worse: I was at the bottom of an icy mountain, straining to get to the top, almost reaching it, then slipping and sliding all the way to the bottom. I'd awake shivering with cold and pull the blankets up around my ears, but it didn't help much.

A dark and dismal day was just breaking when I awoke for good—still shivering. It couldn't have been more than 50 degrees in that compartment and, shaking like a dish of jello, I dressed all the way to my overcoat and muffler. I went to brush my teeth, but no water ran from the tap. I started for the diner.

There was a long line of people waiting. As I walked up, the man in front of me turned and asked, "Heard anything?"

"What?" I said, and then I realized what he meant. "No," I told him, "I haven't heard anything."

The line moved quickly. Once I got inside, I found out why: breakfast consisted of canned peaches and milk, period. Under normal circumstances, the City of San Francisco would have completed its journey the day before, and I couldn't help wondering how much more food—of any kind—was still aboard.

The day passed in a blur of white, anxious faces, blankets and overcoats and the penetrating, never-ending cold. There was no news, no answer to the same question asked a thousand times and nothing strong enough to hang a hope on except that they were working on the heating system and thought they'd have it working again soon. They were whistling in the dark, though, and it would get a lot colder before it got warm.

That night, in the club car, the conductor made an announcement:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I hope you'll understand this; I hope you'll co-operate. We're closing the bar permanently—or at least until we get some definite word. The doctor advises me that alcohol will only lower your resistance to the cold, so I think this is a logical step. It's for your own good."

That started a mild panic. It wasn't the loss of the liquor—although the strength that comes in a bottle was bracing a good many of us—but the sudden realization that we were in bad trouble. Up to now, there was a good deal of pretending going on, both private and public, but there wasn't anything to pretend about now. I saw men pale and I heard women cry. Deep in my own stomach, a knot suddenly grew tighter and my heart began to pound.

When the hell was it going to end? Were we ever going to get out of here?

But outside the window the answer was the same: sweeping winds drove the ever-falling snow; drifts grew higher—they now stood taller than the train—and the sky was not even visible.

I started back toward my compartment and smelled the gas in the first car I came to. In not more than a few seconds of inhaling it I felt dizzy. And as I leaned against a wall and tried to collect my senses, a scream of pure terror tore down the passageway. I ran toward it blindly, afraid and yet goaded by a force that didn't seem to come from my body.

"Help! Help!"

A woman stood by the open door of the last compartment.

"What's the matter?" I shouted.

"My husband . . . gas . . . I'm fainting."

She staggered back and fell to the floor, half covering the man who already lay there. The smell of gas was overpowering and, with my last resources, I picked up a chair and smashed the car window.

Snow swirled in and, in an instant, the

compartment was bitterly cold. But I didn't care. I sucked the clean air into my lungs, trying desperately not to throw up.

The woman came to first. Together, we got the man up on the Pullman seat and I slapped his wrists until his eyes opened. That's when I realized that the entire car was alive with screaming and shouting. I heard glass smashing and groans and one voice, crying over and over, "Help me! For God's sake, help me!"

In 15 minutes, it was all over. The gas, seeping out of the damaged heating system, had leaked into two cars. Everyone in both cars had been accounted for and moved into other sleepers. The conductor made another little speech about doubling up and sharing and co-operation in "these trying circumstances."

But the really important thing was that with windows in two cars smashed open to the zero cold of the night, the entire train leveled off to a temperature of about 30 degrees. That might be all right for a quick walk around the block; for any sustained period of time it was deadly.

When I got back to my compartment, the lady with the fur piece was sitting on the edge of my berth wrapped in two blankets.

"Look—," she began.

"I know," I said. "It's all right. I'll have the porter make up the upper."

But there was an unspoken plea in her eyes. She didn't have to say anything—I don't suppose she could have—and I didn't have to answer.

"All right," was all I said and, both of us still wearing all our clothes and swathed in four blankets, we got into the lower, put our arms around each other and, still trembling, still cold somewhere deep inside of us, we tried to sleep.

I had never seen this woman before I boarded the City of San Francisco. She never told me her name and I didn't ask for it. I have never seen her since. Yet for two nights, we slept together and clung together in a desperate attempt to retain a little warmth against the bitterness of the cold that was everywhere on that doomed train. Nor were we the only ones.

By Tuesday, the second full day of our imprisonment by snow, a general feeling of tension had given way to one of hopelessness. In the club car, men talked reasonably and logically about the seeming impossibility of help reaching us.

"Look," said a man whose name you would recognize in an instant if I told it, "not even a man on skis could get into this pass as long as the storm lasts. Then how are they going to get heavy equipment in? How are they going to get us out?"

"Maybe they could fly helicopters in," he said another man, not at all as though he really thought they could.

"Through this blizzard? And suppose they could. How many of us have the strength left to hoist ourselves up a helicopter ladder? Have you? Could any of the women do it? Forget about helicopters, my friend."

The lady with the fur piece reached

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for my hand. It was so numb with cold that I could barely feel her touch.

That night, we ate the last of the food. Back in my compartment, I was just beginning to arrange the blankets when I heard a sudden, violent thrashing from the compartment next door. For an instant my roommate and I just looked at each other, then the sounds mounted. Furniture crashed and the harsh, half-strangled curses of a man in agony beat against the wall.

I ran next door: it was my visitor of that first evening and he was in the grip of a violent frenzy. The compartment had been totally wrecked and now he stood in the center of the room, half-naked in the freezing cold, saliva running from his mouth, tearing the hair from his head.

I grabbed him from behind and pinned his arms. Then I wrestled him to the floor and, half-sitting on him, I panted out an order to my lady: "Get the doctor. Tell him to bring morphine."

She ran. All the time she was gone, the addict—for that's what I had recognized him for—thrashed and moaned and, intermittently, spat out the single word: "Shot!"

In another minute, the doctor was there. Deftly he inserted his hypodermic needle and, only instants later, the man was calm and quiet. I left the doctor alone with him and went back to my compartment. The woman was crying softly.

"I've never seen anything like that," she whispered.

"The world's full of them. He looks pretty prosperous but he got a tough break, being trapped here without a supply."

"We all got a tough break, didn't we?" she said.

Shouts in the passageway awakened us the next morning. I ran to the door and grabbed someone rushing by.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Helicopter," he cried. "Storm's over."

I ran back and told her. Her face trembled between tears and laughter and together we raced for the club car. Virtually everyone aboard was jammed around the conductor as he worked to open a canvas sack: it was full of canned food. At the bottom was a note:

"Snowflakes less than a mile from you now. Should have all off train by afternoon. Courage."

Men slapped each other's backs. They laughed and embraced one another. It was ending. The nightmare was over.

And none too soon. By the time the tractors reached the train at 3:30 Wednesday afternoon, more than a dozen of the passengers were in pretty bad shape from exposure, hunger and shock. The tractors carried us down to the highway where a fleet of 10 cars and two trucks had followed the plows and, as each car was loaded and sped off toward warmth and safety, another small cheer went up.

**M**Y lady friend and I didn't travel in the same car and, as I said, I've never seen her again. But just before she left, she came to kiss me.

"We've never even done that, have we?" she said.

"No, we haven't."

"But we shared something that even your wife or my husband wouldn't—couldn't—understand. Thanks for being there."

Then she was gone and I began thinking out an answer to give my wife when I returned to Chicago and she asked, "What's new?" ♦♦♦



"Let's see . . . I KNOW I have a gallon of gas in here somewhere."



# Do You Make These Mistakes in English?

Sherwin Cody's remarkable invention has enabled more than 150,000 people to correct their mistakes in English. Only 15 minutes a day required to improve your speech and writing.

MANY persons use such expressions as "Leave them lay there" and "Mary was invited as well as myself." Still others say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how often "who" is used for "whom" and how frequently we hear such glaring mispronunciations as "for MID able," "ave NOO," and "incom PARE able." Few know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "c's" or with "ie" or "ei," and when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear. Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum.

## Why Most People Make Mistakes

What is the reason so many of us are deficient in the use of English and find our careers stunted in consequence? Why is it some cannot spell correctly and others cannot punctuate? Why do so many find themselves at a loss for words to express their meaning adequately? The reason for the deficiency is clear. Sherwin Cody discovered it in scientific tests, which he gave thousands of times.

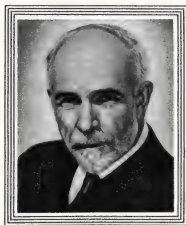
*Most persons do not write and speak good English simply because they never formed the habit of doing so.*

## What Cody Did at Gary

The formation of any habit comes only from constant practice. Shakespeare, you may be sure, never studied rules. No one who writes and speaks correctly thinks of *rules* when he is doing so.

Here is our mother-tongue, a language that has built up our civilization, and without which we should all still be muttering savages! Yet some schools, by wrong methods, have made it a study to be avoided—the hardest of tasks instead of the most fascinating of games! For years it has been a crying disgrace.

In that point lies the real difference between Sherwin Cody and these schools! Here is an illustration: Some time ago Mr. Cody was invited by the author of the famous Gary System of Education to teach English to all upper-grade pupils in Gary, Indiana, by means of unique practice exercises.



SHERWIN CODY

*Mr. Cody secured more improvement in these pupils in five weeks than previously had been obtained by similar pupils in two years under old methods. There was no guesswork about these results. They were proved by scientific comparisons. Amazing as this improvement was, more interesting still was the fact that the children were "wild" about the study. It was like playing a game!*

The basic principle of Mr. Cody's method is habit-forming. Anyone can learn to write and speak correctly by constantly using the correct forms. But how is one to know in each case what is correct? Mr. Cody solves this problem in a simple, unique, sensible way.

## 100% Self-Correcting Device

Suppose he himself were standing forever at your elbow. Every time you mispronounced or misspelled a word, every time you violated correct grammatical usage, every time you used the wrong word to express what you meant, suppose you could hear him whisper:

"That is wrong, it should be thus and so." In a short time you would habitually use the correct form and the right words in speaking and writing.

If you continued to make the same mistakes over and over again, each time patiently he would tell you what was right. He would, as it were, be an everlasting mentor beside you—a mentor who would not laugh at you, but who would, on the contrary, support and help you. The 100% Self-

Correcting Device does exactly this. It is Mr. Cody's silent voice behind you, ready to speak out whenever you commit an error. It finds your mistakes and concentrates on them. You do not need to study anything you already know. There are no rules to memorize.

## Only 15 Minutes a Day

Nor is there very much to learn. In Mr. Cody's years of experimenting he brought to light some highly astonishing facts about English.

For instance, statistics show that a list of sixty-nine words (with their repetitions) make up more than half of all our speech and letter writing.

Obviously, if one could learn to spell, use, and pronounce these words correctly, one would go far toward eliminating incorrect spelling and pronunciation.

Similarly, Mr. Cody proved that there were no more than one dozen fundamental principles of punctuation. If we mastered these principles there would be no hodgepodge of punctuation to handicap us in our writing.

Finally, he discovered that twenty-five typical errors in grammar constitute nine-tenths of our everyday mistakes. When one has learned to avoid these twenty-five pitfalls, how readily one can obtain that facility of speech denoting a person of breeding and education!

When the study of English is made so simple it becomes clear that progress can be made in a very short time. No more than fifteen minutes a day is required for the study of English, but of fascinating practice! Students of Mr. Cody's method do their work in any spare moment they can snatch. They do it riding to work, or at home. They take fifteen minutes from time usually spent in pointless reading or amusement. The results really are phenomenal.

## Free—Book on English

It is impossible in this brief review to give more than a suggestion of the range of subjects covered by Mr. Cody's method and of what his practice exercises consist. But those who are interested can find a detailed description in a fascinating little book called "How You Can Master Good English in 15 Minutes a Day." It can be had by anyone, free, upon request. There is no obligation involved in writing for it. The book is more than a prospectus. Unquestionably it tells one of the most interesting stories about education in English ever written.

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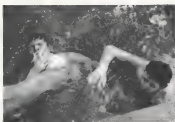
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## THEY WATCHED ME SWIM AWAY

Continued from page 33

undershorts and shirt, I churned toward that hatch cover, vised wet fingers around one corner and hung on desperately.

From the darkness Don gasped, "Bait tank!"

Off the starboard something hulked blacker than the night itself. It was the empty bait tank, torn loose but still afloat, its top bobbing a few inches above water. Tied to the box, I knew, were our jew-fish lines. I let go the hatch, stroked toward the bait box, felt a line against my half-naked body and grasped it. Somehow the others worked the hatch cover toward me. We made fast. One by one, drenched and shivering, they got up top.

"Come on!" Don bellowed.

I shook my head. "Weigh too much. Three's all that box'll hold. I'll stick with the hatch."

I doubt whether any of us saw *Betsy Anne* slip into her watery grave. We were too busy trying to stay alive. Last time I glimpsed her, she was reared up vertically, her stern thrust a few feet above water. But we heard her die—heard the eerie shrill of her two bilge alarms, the one monitoring water level, the other engine pressure.

After that we just hung on, jabbering to keep up our spirits. Don spoke some Spanish. He managed to calm the Mexicans, whom we'd taken aboard six days before at Ensenada. They were old-hand fishermen and, like Don and me, figured to share in the catch. Now the ton and a half we had aboard were inside the *Betsy Anne*, 100 fathoms below.

For an hour and a half we waited for the help which never came. We shouted ourselves hoarse. Somehow it made us feel warmer, the cold less biting, the sea less fearsome. Mostly we talked of survival—how long we could hold out—how we could reach Cape San Lazaro's light which, sweeping seaward, perched 1,400 feet above the reefs.

"How far?" Don yelled.

"Took bearings just before we foun-dered," I bellowed back, "Four and a half miles, five at most."

Don shouted that he'd try it. He'd swim ashore, get help. Right off I was pretty sure he wouldn't make it. Pretty sure, too, that he knew he wouldn't. Maybe he figured drowning was better than slow death by exposure, better than shipping silently into the sea.

"Didja ever swim that far?" I shouted.

"No!"

A couple of big ones reached up suddenly and swept the Mexicans off the box. They went under but surfaced. Churning like mad, they beat back to where Don crouched. He hefted them up top. Another 100 feet and they'd have followed the *Betsy Anne*. Neither of the Mexicans were up to a five-miler—that for sure. But

somebody had to . . . "I'll try it," I bel-lowed.

Don knew I'd lifeguarded some, but that was back 20 years before. He also knew I was nearly 60, years from my prime.

He cursed, bawled that I shouldn't. I wasn't a kid any more, he shouted. But I put it to him straight.

"Look, if you don't think you can make it, you'll be no good to yourself nor to us."

That sobered him.

"Yeah," he agreed, shivering, "but can you?"

"Don't know . . . don't know 'less I try!"

That's how it began. As a kid I'd been a strong swimmer. I'd put in a stint as San Diego lifeguard. But guards seldom stroked more than 500-600 yards off shore. With a long swim ahead, we called for a surf boat. Well, there was a long swim ahead—and the closest boat was 600 feet straight down.

There wasn't any sense waiting longer. It was about nine P.M. and though the moon was showing, the wind hadn't slackened. The sea was building, the swells cresting higher with every hour. I told them to hang on, to stick together. The tank would float for days. I expected to bring help—if I made it—within 10, maybe 12, hours.

"God bless you!" I croaked and shoved off.

I never saw them again. Days later the empty bait box floated in below Santa Maria bay, down coast a way. It was empty, its top seaweep. No bodies were ever found.

Arms numb, I stroked shoreward, trying to keep to the troughs, trying to pace myself. There'd be no stopping, I knew, and little chance to float in that sea.

Even if I managed the five miles, chances of beaching were slim. For from the sea rose a perpendicular, breaker-gouged cliff. And before it lay a jagged reef, blockading the quarter-mile sandy strand that flanked the cliffs to the north.

**B**UT first—those five black miles.

Doggedly I stroked toward the light. Often I lost its taunting beam, as black brine slammed over me. I fought free, gulped a lungful of air, kept going. I sucked seawater by the gallon. Ugly combbers tore at me, broke my stride, spoiled my pace. The endless terror of the thing would have been enough. But I'd lost my specs and I'm nearsighted. Everything blurred, everything but the combbers. They were close around me and savegely in focus.

In my mind throbbed an endless chant. "Make it. Got to make it. Got to." That chant kept me going, kept my arms mov-

ing mechanically, like pistons. After a while there was no feeling, just numbness. There was no feeling anywhere. Only my mind seemed alive, and all the pain seemed centered there. I thought of my wife and kids back in San Diego. And I thought of *Betsy Anne*, how with one shudder she'd taken green water. How she'd heeled low to port—and kept heeling. I swam and thought. There'd been the warnings, yacked back and forth over marine radios, one fishing boat talking to another, as always when men fish the lonely Pacific.

"Wind and sea's abuildin'" helmsmen had told one another. But it wasn't anything like the Tampicos that sometimes strike the Baja California coast. It was just a stiff northwester, but somehow it had built and built, driving giant waves before it.

I was at the wheel—or rather, at the Kirsten photoelectric pilot—when it happened. *Betsy Anne* was rigged modern, with a fathometer, radiotelephone and autopilot. She was a trim 38-footer and worth seven knots even with her main diesel working easy.

At 7:30 P.M., sharp, I took bearings, established our position approximately four and a half miles W by N from the light. I was in the deckhouse alone, braced alongside the wheel, when *Betsy Anne* sheered off to starboard, bow down, and rolled way over. Water roared in over the port bow bulwarks, slammed into the cabin through the port windows.

Drenched, I struggled upright, switched off the Kirsten unit and took the wheel. The next instant everything went wrong. I swung her hard aport to bring the bow down-swirl, fighting to keep from broaching. But she didn't answer! She was dead—dead or dying—and I knew it.

"Right yourself!" I rasped, as water pounded in from port. She seemed to stagger up, to shake herself. But in that instant of indecision, another breaker beat over her. She stayed down—down for good, heeled over on her portside.

I let go the wheel and grabbed for the radio.

"MAYDAY! . . . MAYDAY!" I bel-lowed. But I knew I wasn't getting through. The mike was waterlogged; the aerial, which ran along the portside, shorted out. She was going down bow first. I could feel her spasm underdeck. I killed the engine, snatched a flashlight and fought through the starboard door and on deck. Minutes later we went overboard and in another 15 *Betsy Anne* was gone. She'd cost \$18,000 when I bought her new, back in '44.

How long I swam, I'll never know for sure. I started about nine P.M. It was along toward midnight when the thing brushed past me. It was just a sensation, a swirling eddy churned by some monster body. Maybe it was a seal—which can be dangerous. Or perhaps a shark. I've seen them take a tumaman's foot off—boot and all. Whatever it was, it didn't bother me. Inside, though, I was bothered plenty. For I was cutting a phosphorescent trail, like any night swimmer. I worried lest I hit something floating, start bleeding, and bait the sharks. But mostly I worried about shore. I was past the tired



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stage. Hours before, the feeling had ebbed out of me.

I stroked endlessly. My breath was coming hard now, the strain telling. As a kid I'd have breezed those five miles, waves or not. At 58—and 20 years since I'd worked water—it was different. Inside I was sick from salt water. Outside, my hide seemed afloat, the flesh waterlogged. Salt water's toxic, if you stay brined long enough.

Then, before me, stretched the breaker line, and behind it, the black cliffs of Cape Lazaro. The breakers churned white and savage, the water eddying over jagged rocks.

Now I was 500 yards . . . now 400 yards from shore. But without specs, things rolled and tossed out of focus. I swam harder, worked atop a big roller, churned desperately to stay crest-borne long enough for a look. I saw white death, the endless reefs. Then, to the north a way. I noticed how the sea fingered ashore through a narrow, frothy passage. I swung north, crawling, pacing myself for the breuculan rush—for the danger that lay ahead.

A breaker caught me, slammed me end over end. It left me stranded atop a stone-cold, slippery reef, yet still waist-deep in brine. Frantically I struggled to free myself, to gird for the next breaker. I moved too slowly. The next knocked me off, ground me into the knife-sharp daggers that staked that shallow passage. Comber after comber pounded in, grating me along the reef. I fought upright. A breaker pounded me down. I floated, resting, as the swell ebbed. Seaward reared a towering reefer. It slammed down, a ton of boiling water. I went down, down, hammered into solid rock.

That's when I got it. Got it good. Like a knife drawn across my groin, the reef ripped my belly. I knew I'd been hurt—hurt badly. But worse was yet ahead: that submerged concourse of rocks. Pain stabbed in my groin. My legs were raked, my back ribboned, the rent in my belly gushing blood.

An instant later I stepped into a pot-hole. I went down and under. I bobbed

surfacewards, pain working my leg. "Broken!" It was a death sentence throbbing in my mind. But when I tried swimming, the leg responded. It was wrenched, maybe sprained, but it worked. And now it had to work a little longer.

With a swirl, a comber ground me up the shallow strand—and I was beached.

It must have been about four A.M.—seven watery hours since the *Betsy Anne's* death—that crawling, half-dragging myself, I worked up the beach. Blood poured from my belly. I tried stuffing wet seaweed into the rent, but the stuff popped out, red-soaked. I poured in fistfuls of sand, anything to stop the bleeding. I sat standing, but my legs were rubber. I sat down—and that's all I remember.

It was dawn when I awoke. There, towering a quarter-mile above me, stood the lighthouse. It blurred and reeled, a nebulous something. "You made the beach . . . now . . . make that light!"

Had I known how it was to be, I think I'd never have tried that climb. If I hadn't my heart wouldn't be the sick thing it is today. That's how the docs figured it. The climb, they said, finished me.

A rock wall reared 25 feet above me. Beyond spiraled a seaweep path chipped from solid stone. That narrow trail wound endlessly, up and up, to the lighthouse.

I worked hand-over-hand, grasping for handholds, managing somehow to reach the path. Then I began crawling, barefoot and barekneed. Every inch of the way was mined with stickers and inch-long burrs. Everywhere outcropped jagged knives of volcanic rock. But I kept crawling. And now, with day's dawning, came the unrelenting Baja California sun—and with it, prostrating heat.

I pulled my aching body along that blistering trail, sank down to rest, dragged myself up again, crawled some more. Crawling became as mechanical as swimming—and as unending. Hand out, leg forward, other hand, other knee, rest, hand, leg, other hand . . .

It was 8:30 A.M.—almost 12 hours since I'd left the others atop the bait tank—when I belied within 150 yards of the





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## I'M THE MAN FROM NOWHERE

Continued from page 17

no hope in shouting, for no one could hear me in that storm, but I shouted anyway, and every time I opened my mouth to yell I got a lungful of salt water. I couldn't even see the ship in the darkness. I wondered if they got the boats away. I learned much later that some of the crew got ashore behind the lines in Free China territory.

I happened to be washed ashore behind Jap lines. Some fishermen sheltered me for a few days, explaining the lay of the land: which way the Japs were, which was Free China, how to reach Free China. But I decided to stay on with them. They were something more than mere fishermen; they operated a weather station, broadcasting reports from a mobile radio in one of their fishing sampans. I was with these people a long time and learned to speak Chinese pretty well.

**B**UT after a time the war in China changed character, and it was no longer the Chinese versus the Japs, because now the Japs had been pretty well kicked up toward Manchuria and Korea. Down in Central and South China the war was shaping up between the Nationalists under Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists under Mao Tse-tung. And it just so happened that in the reforming of the battle lines I found myself in Communist territory.

This seemed O. K. at the time, because we were all fighting the same war. But I began to have doubts about the comrades because about half of their prisoners were Chinese. It seems that anyone who wasn't with Mao was against him and thereby a traitor and a pro-Japanese fascist. I was in a particularly hot spot myself because of my papers. I didn't have any. When the typhoon knocked me off the *Maimonides* into the sea, I just didn't have time to go below and get my seaman's papers. I had no birth certificate and no passport, of course. Mao's people being the suspicious type, they didn't believe a damn word I said; so they wouldn't let me work at anything useful, or grab a rifle and do a little fighting, or cross over to Hong Kong and report in to the British as a displaced Australian seaman.

They kept me up the river in Canton, where there was a small colony of whites. Most of those whites were Russians, either Red Army boys on advisory detail to Mao's lash-up or pre-Revolution White Russians who fled Shanghai long before and came south in the forlorn hope of getting across to Hong Kong and the British. But the British wouldn't have them because of that old problem of papers. Like me, those White Russians didn't have any. There were also some

British and Americans, official and unofficial.

I managed to find work for myself in Canton as a bartender. It's a trade you pick up pretty fast if you have a taste for strong refreshment. And I have. This saloon was one of the better sort, catering mostly to the international settlement, and I hung on there because I can get by in several languages—a trick you pick up if you go to sea long enough. And I learned Chinese while working with the weather station people.

Time passed quickly, what with working 12 hours a day. My Red Chinese boss never heard of union hours. This was quite a dive—not just a saloon but an opium den, too. Mao's people were forcing addicts to take the cure in those days, and shooting those who couldn't be cured; but my boss was a big shot and had protection, so he could run any kind of operation he liked. There was also a little palace of pleasure upstairs—girls that came in all colors: the short South Chinese, the tall and willowy North Chinese, two geishas that got there I don't know how, the usual complement of White Russian dames, and several Eurasians. That was against the Red law, too, but China will always be China, where anything goes if you've got influence in the right places.

I guess I'd been jerking scotch-and-sodas about a year when one night things changed one hell of a lot. Now, you have to understand that I'd been talking to every Englishman and every American I could get to hold still long enough. The idea was to get word across the frontier that there was a displaced seaman over here in Canton and would somebody please get him out. But nobody would believe anything except that I was a white man and a merchant seaman—the tattoos proved that. I had no papers saying I was born in Alabama, no papers saying I was a resident of Australia, no papers at all in a world where you're a foreigner to everyone if you don't have papers. So about the time I had begun to figure the Americans and the English would never believe me, and the Reds would keep me in Canton forever or until it became fashionable to start shooting whites, along comes this White Russian dame from upstairs one evening with a proposition.

No, not that kind. I knew Marushka too well for that. She said one of her customers—either an Englishman or an American, but she couldn't tell which—wanted me to work for him. Espionage. The war was just about over, Mao controlled most of China, and Chiang was backing into a corner. Somebody wanted some well placed ears. My job would be to keep on doing what I was doing at

this scotch-and-soda pagoda and listen with both ears whenever big Reds—Chinese or Russian—were holding up the bar. In my off hours I could fraternize with whoever was in the know, stroll around Canton with my eyes peeled, and in general get up whatever information I could.

What was in it for me? That's what I asked little Marushka. She didn't know. I wanted out of Canton and into Hong Kong. Could she find out if that could happen? The answer came a night later, and it was no. No promises. How did I know I wouldn't be working for the Japs? Because no info on the American or British was required. It looked like a square deal, all right. But who was behind it? What if I got caught spying or passing information? I had to ask that question. The answer came fast. If I got caught, tough schnitzel, as the saying goes. Without papers I was a stateless man, and therefore no government could help me. Besides, I couldn't expect the British or the Yanks to bear a hand with a guy who was poking his nose into their "ally's" affairs, could I? If I went along with this deal, it was on the slim hope that someone might get grateful and help me out of Red China after a while. I agreed to do it. All information was to be passed to Marushka.

That's the way it was for the next few years. I listened in on conversations, and reported them. Off duty, I poked around the railroad yards, munitions depots, military camps, the waterfront, and reported everything, no matter what it

was. There wasn't any money in it; I still made my living at the gin pagoda. This was supposed to be done for patriotic reasons, pure and simple, only it wasn't so pure, because I wanted out of Red China and I figured this might be my ticket. It might not, too. Probably not. But it was the only chance I could see at that time.

Naturally the question came up about highlighting it across the frontier on my own. And that was quite a question. You see, Canton is situated at the upper end of the Bay of Tyshan, at the mouth of a dirty yellow stream poetically called the Pe River. Hong Kong is about 90 miles down the bay. Go by boat? The Bay of Tyshan is constantly patrolled by fast torpedo boats. Go overland? Sure, by railroad, and every car has its armed guards.

After the end of the war, the war went on anyhow. Germany had been beaten and pretty well walked over, and the Nips were still wondering what happened to a couple of their cities, and the war was officially declared over and done with. But in China nobody paid the slightest attention. Ragged remnants of Nationalist Chinese were holding out here and there against the Russian-backed armies of Mao's Red regime. And therefore my job went on and on and on. In fact it went on until 1952, which is when I called off the whole deal. I had been, as far as I knew, a successful espionage agent for either the British or the Americans about eight years now. I had been living on borrowed time too long.

I funneled info to this White Russian doll, Marushka, until she was replaced by one of her sisters under the skin, a Korean cutie. I should have got the pitch right then. Marushka disappeared. Just plain disappeared. And the Korean showed up, announcing that she was the replacement. What happened to Marushka? was my first question. Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies was the general idea behind the answer I got. The war outside China had been declared over for some six years and a piece, while the war inside China was still progressing very nicely.

**A** BIG underground resistance had grown up and was kicking up a storm. About the time Marushka disappeared, there were almost nightly dynamitings of railroad switches and munitions dumps. It was at this point, when the Korean girl came along, that I got orders—from her, in fact—to contact this underground resistance movement and work up detailed information and report it, through the Korean.

This is where I wised up. I wasn't about to report on the underground to anyone I didn't know for damn sure. But I went ahead and made contacts with the underground anyhow. The local leader in Canton was an old revolutionist who had been in the Sun Yat-sen uprising back in the 1920's in Shanghai. When I finally reached him, I told him my whole story from the shipwreck through the period with the weather station behind Jap lines and on to my recent job

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of getting information on Red Chinese activities for some mysterious power. I told the old man, whom I shall call Li Soo, about Marushka and the recent replacement, this Korean bimbo.

LI SOO listened patiently, then instructed me to return to my work and avoid word from him. Word came a few nights later, when I was mixing a Whirling Dervish (they make you spin), that Li Soo wanted me. I dropped everything and went. The old man was waiting in the back room of a shirt shop; with him were six or seven armed men.

"The Russian girl is dead," he opened without ceremony. "The Korean is one of Mao's people. I have checked your story, and it appears to be true. You and the Russian girl did very good work. But unfortunately she was apprehended passing your information to her contact. She must have revealed your identity, O'Brien." Li Soo raised an admonishing finger. "Ah, you must not be angry. She would not betray you except under great pressure, the kind of pressure we have developed to a fine art here in China. But now the Korean girl has been instructed to use you for their purposes. Your orders to get information on the underground came straight from Peiping. If you fail, they will arrest you as a spy and shoot you. And of course you must fail in this. It was wise of you to confess everything to us; otherwise, if Mao's people did not kill you, we should be forced to. As it stands now, however, we can help you get out of China into free territory."

"Hong Kong?"

"If that is where you wish to go, yes. I can get you to the bridge. The rest will be up to your courage and ingenuity, O'Brien. You will leave tonight."

"And the Korean girl?" I asked.

"We shall use her." Li Soo smiled through his stringy gray beard. "We shall feed her what the military calls disinformation." He shook my hand, and I left with three of his men.

They had a stolen lorry in a back alley, and we rode this all the way to Howlong. There I hoked up with a Chinese family, also members of the underground, for two weeks, waiting for the right moment. It came when a group of people were about to be sent across the bridge into Hong Kong. They were the usual collection of people who had somehow strayed out of bounds: a fishing party picked up on the Bay of Tyshan by a patrol boat (the Reds control all of the waters around there), a couple of news-hawks who had wandered away from Macao, some priests who had stayed in China since before the Japs. Altogether there were 15. I was to try and mix in with them and make it across the bridge.

I knew we'd be counted. That couldn't be helped. A typhoon was kicking up a fuss, and I thought: well, I came here in a typhoon, so I'll check out in one. The rain was pouring down, and a hell of a wind was blowing, and altogether this might work to my advantage. I was crouched under a boxcar on a railroad siding not more than 100 feet from the little knot of prisoners about to be sent across the bridge. The Red Cross aides were checking off some papers with the Red Chinese guards. There were numbers of civilians standing around.

I eased out from under the boxcar and just walked slowly and casually toward the prisoners, unnoticed among the people standing around in the driving rain. And then I stood next to the group of prisoners, safe for the moment—until the march across the bridge.

Maybe the guards wouldn't count noses. If they did, I'd have to run for



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## "SAVE HIM . . ."

Continued from page 27

into the spilled gasoline. The car caught fire as I was half carried, half pushed into the jungle.

I have no idea how they found their way, since it was as black as the bottom of a well under the trees. There seemed to be some kind of path underfoot. We continued this way for about two hours when I spotted a light ahead. A few minutes later I was dragged out into a clearing—the guerrilla headquarters.

There were a few ramshackle native huts, and some lean-tos, the only light was from a big cooking fire in the center of the clearing. A number of native women were working at the fires and about 40 or 50 men were sprawled around watching us. One of them came toward me. From his dress and manner I guessed he must be one of the leaders. He spoke no French, but I can handle the language well enough.

"You are a doctor, yes. I am Tulu. Come with me." He didn't give me a chance to answer but turned away and started toward the biggest hut. One of the guerrillas put his rifle butt in my back and pushed. I stumbled forward.

A BURNING branch was brought over and I saw the man on the table for the first time. He was unconscious and in shock; it was easy to see why. From chest to knees he was soaked in blood. His clothing was torn and mangled, the flesh underneath wasn't much better. I turned to Tulu.

"What happened?"

"He was hit by a mortar shell during the raid. It blew up right under his belly. You will make him well."

The idea was so preposterous I almost laughed at him, but I quickly thought better of it. From the look of the wound the man should have been dead already—it would take a miracle or a hospital and a skilled surgeon to save him. I was just a plain G.P.

I told this to Tulu and watched the anger flame across his face. He pulled a rifle away from one of the men and jabbed it fiercely into my side. When I tried to draw away he only pushed it that much harder. He was overcome with anger and I didn't dare move.

"His life is your life. If he dies you die!"

I looked at the fierce light in his eyes and at the finger, half curled over the trigger and quivering with tension, and I knew I was licked. I knew I couldn't fix that man up but I also knew that I had better try. A small chance, but the only chance I had of leaving the jungle alive.

"All right I'll do it—but I'll need help. First, what kind of medical equipment is there here? I'll need a scalpel, retractors, hemostats, sponges, scissors, sutures—how much of that do you have?"

He waved one of his men forward. "I know all doctors must have the tools with which they work, so I had this man remove yours from your car before it burned."

The guerrilla was proud of his work. He thrust forward my "tools"—my stethoscope! The one thing I could have no possible use for. I almost lost hope at that point, but the thought of that shared grave pushed me on. I dug out the contents of my pockets and dropped them on the ground in front of me. Keys, wallet—the usual mess. Out of it all there were only two things I could possibly use; a small gold-handled pen knife and an ancient needle from a hypodermic that was stuck in the lining of one pocket. I had to see what they had around the camp that I could work with.

A half-hour later I knew I was licked. I had found some steel straps on a packing case that could be bent into retractors. The women had supplied some needles, thread and rags; a stolen truck toolbox had furnished me with needle-nose pliers. These were my operating instruments.

I almost gave up hope at this point. I don't know whether it was the sight of those guns, or a memory that made me go on. In the back of the lecture hall at college there was a painting of Jeremiah Trautman of Wittenberg. Old Jeremiah was performing a Caesarean section in the year 1610—and he had managed to save both mother and child. No anesthetics, no knowledge of sterilization, yet he had done it.

When we look at modern hospitals we tend to forget that men have been around for about 50,000 years and modern medicine for about 150. There have been a lot of crude operations done since the world began, some of them recently, like that U. S. Navy corpsman who took out an appendix in a sub using spoons and kitchen knives. The best I could do was try. I shouted at Tulu:

"Boil up all this junk and get another man. You two are going to help me."

He was resentful of my demanding tone, but he fought down his anger.

"What are you going to do?"

I looked him straight in the eye and rolled all of my anger into one sentence.

"I'm going to slice open his damned belly and take that junk out."

It worked. I had the upper hand, at least for the present. I would need it if this operation were to have one chance in 10,000 of succeeding.

The three of us scrubbed until our skin was raw—right up the shoulders. I used pieces of laundry soap and lye, strong but effective. They hated it, but they cleaned their nails and washed until I was satisfied. We went into the hut and I looked down at my patient. "Light—lots of light!"



Get every candle and lantern you have and bring them in here!" While they were getting the lights I had to do something about the loss of blood. Gai Uan had lost a lot and he was going to lose more. A transfusion was out of the question, I had no way of matching blood types. As I couldn't use whole blood I needed something like a plasma expander, a liquid to be added to the blood so the heart would have enough liquid to pump. Salt water would have to do. Every medical student knows that the concentration of salt in the blood is 327 mg to every 100 cc of water. I estimated the amount as closely as I could and mixed the two in one of their water gourds. It looked as if the stethoscope would come in handy after all. I took one of the rubber tubes off and pushed it through a hole in the bottom of the gourd. The hypodermic needle went on the other end.

One of the guerrillas was drafted as an assistant. I showed him how to squeeze the tube so only a drop came through at a time, then shoved the needle into the patient's ante-cubital vein. I picked up my knife and the operation began.

The first thing to do in an injury like this is to enlarge the wound. The neat cut of the knife gives a better anchor for the needle when you are sewing up the opening. I pared away a chunk of ragged flesh and dropped it on the ground. The edge of the wound was bleeding in about six different places. If I had had surgical clamps I could have pinched each of them off first, then returned later to tie them shut with thread. All I had was the pliers. I pinched off one blood vessel and handed the pliers to Tulu to hold. While he stopped the flow I took the thread and sutured it. A quick loop, a triple knot and it was tight. I moved on to the next one.

With the wound enlarged and the bleeders tied off I was ready to enter the abdominal cavity. I hooked the retractors over the edge of the wound and hauled it open. My other assistant grabbed onto them to hold the wound open while I worked inside. The peritoneum was exposed now, that great, tough sac that encloses the guts. I cut through it and hooked the retractors over the edges to pull everything back. An hour had passed and I was finally entering the abdominal cavity.

I HAD to determine the extent of the injury. I probed with my hand; Gai Uan gave a groan from the depths of his stupor. When you haul on their guts they get that.

He had all chopped up inside. His spleen was remarkably uninjured, but his stomach had more holes in it than a Swiss cheese. To complete the operation I would have to take his stomach out and sew the end of his esophagus to the top of his small intestine. I think my thoughts were showing on my face, because I found Tulu staring at me intently. I couldn't do it! In a hospital it takes a specialist and two operating room assistants three hours for this operation. The look on Tulu's face told me that I was going to do it here and now with my crude equipment.

One thing on my side was the rapid

clotting time Gai Uan seemed to have. I took another chance. First tying off the gastric arteries, I just hacked out the debris, staying the venous bleeding by packing the hole with sterile rags. I flushed out the whole thing with water and got ready to rip and sew. In that gut are dangerous bacteria but the metal fragments had already spread them around, there was no point in trying to avoid entry of the gut tube to prevent infection. I had hauled out the mortar pieces and was glad that only four or five large ones were there. If he had been splattered by a hundred tiny pieces it would have been impossible.

I began hooking flesh together as fast as I could. With my finger I ripped apart the connective tissue that held down the organs I needed—the pyloric sphincter, duodenum and lower esophagus. This was a rough and ready trick that I had learned from a combat surgeon. Ripped tissue heals faster and this way I saved some vital time.

I was ready now for the final step. The last pieces of the stomach came out. Before they hit the ground I had the two open ends of the tubes against each other and I was sewing. It was a fast and crude job. Two hours from start to finish; it looked like I would make it. Gai Uan was as pale as a sheet of paper but his heartbeat was strong and regular. I closed the peritoneum and sewed it together. Closing the opening in the muscle and flesh would take longer, but the dangerous part was over.

My arms were shaking with exhaustion when I finished. I slumped down on the ground, too tired to go out of that filthy hut. I had done what I could. Gai Uan was still alive; if no infection developed he had a good chance of pulling through.

A WEEK later he was still alive. I had him on a liquid diet and what guts he had left were beginning to take over the work of the stomach. He may still be alive, I don't know, my chance came that night.

I woke up to the sound of firing in the jungle. It came nearer and I realized that it must be Viet Nam soldiers. This was my break and I took it. I had loosened some of the mats that formed the back wall of the hut. I dove through the wall and into the jungle. Some shots were fired in my direction, but they didn't come close. Everyone was too busy to look for me, all I had to worry about was snake bite or getting lost.

The firing died down and I heard men moving by me in the brush. I hoped it was the guerrillas moving out, but I waited to make sure.

A nervous sentry almost put a hole through me when I returned, but I couldn't get angry at him for it. The Viet Minh were gone and a company of tough looking Viet Nam soldiers were occupying the camp. They were amazed to see me. Everyone was sure I was dead; Viet Minh guerrillas do not take prisoners.

It was a crude and sloppy operation that I had performed, probably one of the crudest ever done. But it was a damn good operation.

It saved two lives. ♦♦♦



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Like us, he had headed farther out on the ice bridge looking for an open water lead. "Might as well," I suggested to Jess as we eyed the tracks.

We began to follow them and before long the dogs caught the scent and got plenty excited. They broke into a run, yammering and whining eagerly. The komiak shot ahead and we had our hands full as we went banging and rocking over the rough ice.

Jess jumped up and down on the steel brake until I thought it would snap off, but after a little it bit deep into the ice and dragged the komiak to a stop.

We tried to quiet the dogs down. From all the racket it looked like we had already scared the hell out of any polar bear around. But pretty soon Jess pointed to a long, jagged pile of ice about shoulder-high and maybe 250 yards away.

We could see the nanook's small head moving around behind it. We had caught up with him from downwind. As long as he hadn't yet got our scent, the noise, whatever he had heard of in the stiff breeze, didn't seem to bother him any.

"Go ahead and shoot him," Jess said. "I'll stay here and take care of the dogs."

**I** NODDED, reaching for my rifle. It was his team: a dozen big sleds, mostly Eskimos and a few Siberians and Malamutes thrown in, all spoiling for a fight at the smell of bear. Jess could control 'em better than I could.

I went ahead slowly, covering several yards before the spot I saw. Then his head disappeared quietly behind the ice pile. Like all nanooks who watch a man in a parka approach them from downwind, this one figured I was a seal out on the ice and got himself set to stalk me.

I kept on moving toward him, angling a little to the right and away from the ice pile. I had to come up on a line with the pile and maybe a little beyond before I'd be able to get a clear shot at him.

I was abreast of the pile and about 40 yards away from it when I saw the bear again. He was at the near end and I came to a stop.

The wind shifted a bit and he caught my scent. He gave a fierce growl of disappointment at being cheated out of a meal of blubber. I could see his red-rimmed, angry little eyes as he reared up, ready to fight.

He looked as wide as an igloo and better than 10 feet tall. He was a big one, all right; what we call a nanook-suah.

He growled again, this time in loud challenge. His growls turned into snarls

## HE HAD TO USE THE KNIFE

Continued from page 43

of rage and his lips drew back, showing his long fangs. He started rocking on his hind legs and bringing his front paws up, fanning air as he batted them out from his chest and whipped himself into fury.

He was a perfect target and I aimed for the heart, carefully lining up the sights of my .30 Krag against the yellow-white fur. I had enough time and yardage before he started to rush me, for a 220-grain bullet will stop even a nanook-suah cold.

Right before I began to squeeze the trigger, I had one of those sudden, uneasy feelings that a guy sometimes gets about something being wrong. I should have paid attention to that warning hunch.

"The rag!" I heard Jess yell faintly behind me.

My gun went off. Instantly, as the bullet hit the little flannel rag I had forgotten to take out of the rifle muzzle, I felt a wallop like I had been struck in the shoulder by a sledge hammer.

There was a loud explosion. As the kick of the butt slammed me over on my backside, the rifle barrel peeled into crazy twisting strips of steel. One small piece broke off and whizzed backward like a chunk of shrapnel. It caught me in the forehead, tearing through the hood of my parka.

Half-groggy and with blood streaming into my eyes, I looked up in a hurry. I knew I had to scramble out of there fast or the nanook would be on me.

He was still several yards away, for the sound of the explosion had scared him for a second or two. But he got over it quickly and started for me, madder than hell.

I scrambled to my feet, yelling for Jess. The blood in my eyes blinded me. I had a hunting knife sheathed on the belt around my parka. But even as I grabbed for it I knew it was no use. My whole arm, from shoulder down, felt numb.

I started to run back toward Jess. I took maybe three or four steps, wiping my eyes with my left sleeve. I tripped over a piece of pressure ice and went down again, this time on my face.

I won't get away, I thought in terror as the dark ice came up at me. The snarls of the nanook sounded close behind me as I got to a knee and managed to snatch out my knife with my left hand. I heard the thumping of my heart as I tried to get up to face him.

I heard Jess shout something. Almost immediately our lead dog, Agak, shot out from behind me. With a low growl, 85 pounds of black and white Eskimo hurled himself upward, fangs bared, aiming for the bear's throat.

Jess had slashed him loose from his harness and Agak had wasted no time in rushing the bear. He was all reckless courage, that dog. No jockeying around, no feinting, just a straight, head-on charge.

At that Agak almost caught the nanook by surprise. But, big as he was, the bear shifted as quickly as a welterweight. I saw his long neck stretch to the right, out of the way, and his left paw lash out with a swift and savage blow.

There was no dodging that awful wallop. Agak's ribs cracked in like dried-out twigs. His spine snapped and his back curved up as he came flying through the air. He was dead before he landed.

For the moment the bear seemed to have forgotten about me. Before he remembered and maybe decided to take after me again, I started running like hell in the direction of the komiak.

I felt a lot better when I saw Jess coming toward me fast with a heavy oogruck harpoon in his hand. He was a guy who knew how to use one on a polar bear as well as a seal or walrus. Like some Eskimos, he even favored it over a gun.

O.K., I thought as I slowed up and began to breathe regularly again, now it's your turn, you nanook-suah bastard.

The bear was still reared up back at the spot where he had killed Agak, still madder than hell. But a polar bear isn't at all stupid. He was staring at Jess and sizing up the harpoon and maybe thinking about beating a retreat.

Pretty soon the sled dogs helped him make up his mind. They were becoming more and more excited after Jess left them, yelping wildly, tearing and straining at their harnesses, trying to drag the komiak free.

Suddenly the ice under the brake gouged out and the dogs started off. They came charging along behind Jess, heading straight toward the bear, yipping like they meant to tear him apart.

That decided the nanook. He let out a couple of more loud growls, whirled around and started making tracks for the piled up ice. Jess didn't get close enough to throw his harpoon before the bear ducked behind the ice pile. He kept right on traveling. The next time I saw his head it was over a low point in the ice heap more than 100 yards farther on.

The dogs came right on after him with the komiak banging along behind them. "The komiak!" Jess shouted.

He dropped the harpoon like it was red hot and grabbed for the sled handles as the komiak shot by. He managed to hang on and as they came up to me I dodged out of the way of the dogs and grabbed too.

Then the two of us were dragged along behind yelling and swearing at the team while Jess bobbed up and down trying to find the brake and jump on it. There was no holding those dogs. They were out for blood.

Jess was still feeling for the brake when the team came abreast of the ice pile and started to round it. Instead of making a swing, the dogs on the left leads cut in sharp to save time and the komiak crashed right into the heaped up ice. It spilled over, taking Jess and me along with it.

Some of the dogs went over too with the force of the sudden check, and those that didn't still had bear on their minds and tried to keep going and in no time at all there was one godawful foul-up.

I GOT to my feet and thought that any guy driving a tandem team instead of a fan-shaped hitch like we were doing would laugh himself sick to see the fix we were in.

You can get into an argument anywhere in Alaska about the best way to hitch up a team of dogs. All Eskimos and some of the old-timers favor the fan-shaped hitch with the dogs fanning out on separate leads from the tow line. Most of the freighters and the dog team racers like the tandem hitch.

Jess and I have always preferred the fan-shaped hitch, especially when we're hunting. That way if we wanted to cut out a dog from the team in a hurry to take after game we could pick any one we wished. With a tandem hitch you have to cut out the lead dog first.

We worked like the devil trying to straighten out the damned team those dogs had gotten themselves into. Agak, the big Eskimo, had been a help in keeping the other 11 dogs in line and we missed him badly. The two Malamutes, Natash and Michi, had gotten themselves so snarled up in their leads that we had to cut the lines to free them and Ukuk, one of the Siberian huskies, was bawling with Sela, a heavy Eskimo, and not making things any easier.

"I can't find the goddamned whip," Jess swore, "and these bastards are so

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This time we knew the nanook wasn't going to fall for any fake seal act. He was probably hunting along the open lead and if he saw 11 dogs come charging at him

The *manook* paid no attention to us. By this time Natash and Grond had caught up with him and were keeping him plenty occupied. They didn't launch any head-on attack like Agak, which is probably what the bear had expected. He acted sort of surprised when Natash shot right by him, and then suddenly dashed in and nipped his rump.

The bear batted out again as Natash sprang in. This time the Malemute's timing was a little off. He ducked, but the other paw came up with a deadly raking blow. Quick as the devil, the bear's claws



ripped into Natash's belly. The Malemute went sailing through the air with his guts trailing out of him.

I heard Jess yell then and saw him go straight at the bear with his harpoon. At the same instant Grond came charging in again from the right.

The nanook tried to handle them both, acting with terrific speed. I don't know which of his fast moving paws was meant for the harpoon and which for the dog. He fanned 'em across and up.

He caught Grond in the side with a frightful wallop as Jess drove the harpoon at him. The point sank deep into his fur and as he straightened the shaft of the harpoon came up with him. I groaned when I saw that Jess hadn't put it into his heart, but high in the shoulder.

"Get back!" I screamed, but Jess was too goddamned mad to pay any attention.

I watched him pull out his knife. It was like watching a guy with a rope around his neck just before the trap opens.

The damned fool, I thought as I stood there sweating it out, the crazy damned fool, he hasn't got a chance.

For maybe a second or two he stood there like he was studying the bear. The nanook kept snarling at him, showing his long fangs and waiting.

Suddenly Jess took a short, quick step to the right and pivoted around to the

left. His knife flashed out. It came down swiftly, slicing deep into the bear's heart.

Jess kept on pivoting to the left, trying to duck out of reach. The bear roared loudly as the knife struck home and I waited for him to swipe Jess with his deadly left paw.

He didn't try to use it. Instead, as Jess tried to dodge away, the bear lashed out with his right paw. It came ripping down the back of Jess' parka, tearing it open. A little closer and it would have broken Jess' back for sure.

He started to run back toward me, yelling for the other harpoon. I was still reaching for it when the nanook began rocking on his hind legs like he was drunk. I saw the blood spurting out of his chest. His heart was sliced open and in another second he toppled over dead.

Jess looked sort of green around the gills as he came panting back to the komiak. He turned and glanced back at the heap of yellow-white fur that was the dead nanook.

"The oograk harpoon sure tore the hell out of his shoulder," he said. "I figured I had taken most of the fight out of him before I used the knife."

"No fooling," I growled, still shaking at his narrow escape.

He didn't answer. Just stared at my busted Krag in the komiak.

That shut me up.



"Just a minute and I'll tell you if it's warm enough to go out without a coat!"

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## PARTY GIRLS OF MUNICH

Continued from page 14

or getting a soldier out of the clutches of a monetarily unsatisfied tart.

But the MPs cannot function effectively unless there is a public disturbance or an obvious violation of the law. They can check passes, but cannot compel a GI to leave a bar, though it may be in the soldier's own interest to do so.

And while the Bavarian Parliament roared over the "outrage" of pictures of pretty girls appearing on street-car tickets advertising Munich's swimming pools, it has done nothing to curb the city's traffic in sin.

**A**n added problem has been tossed into the lap of officials since the signing of the Austrian Peace Treaty and the evacuation of Allied troops from the republic south of Germany.

German authorities now have their hands full warding off the thousands of prostitutes that infested the American communities in Austria. With the vice market drying up because of the U. S. withdrawal, virtually every prostitute in Austria has applied for admission into West Germany. Many, when visas are refused, slip across the border illegally, creating a lively resentment on the part of German prostitutes who consider their Austrian sisters unwanted competition.

Despite West Germany's postwar boom, bustle and recovery, the ravages of war are still reflected by the thousands of young women who turned to prostitution in the early years of the occupation as a desperate attempt at survival. The American Zone of Occupied Germany spawned thousands of prostitutes and part of a female generation that has lost all traditional ties with its own history and culture.

Most of the girls speak fluent English. They ape what they consider the fashions and manners of American women. Many have married, and more hope to wind up marrying, U. S. soldiers. By now, they have spent their entire adult lives in the company of Americans. A reintegration into German society is impossible for most of them.

And, though West Germany's recovery is real enough, thousands of girls are each year recruited into the ranks of prostitution, girls who cannot justify this choice of profession because of war-induced necessity.

But their reason is not hard to find. In a country where salaries for secretaries, waitresses and salesgirls are good if they reach \$100 monthly, young women are sorely tempted to seek easy money in the business of selling themselves. The loss of self-respect and morality is written off against the chance to meet large numbers of generous, wealthy, popular Americans and the opportunity to live

what they consider exciting, lucrative lives.

The picture is further complicated by the appearance of all kinds of semi-pros who have turned to prostitution to supplement salaries of low-paying jobs.

Meantime, into the swelling ranks of the "amateur" prostitutes have moved wives, mothers and refugees from the Soviet Zone of Germany, all of whom find it necessary to pick up extra cash by selling themselves.

The one known American girl who has drifted into prostitution in Munich operates out of Goethe Street. Her present low estate is the result of a falling-out with her GI fiancé. Too proud to return unmarried to her California home, she looks from doped, bloodshot eyes into the face of every soldier at the bar, selling herself in a mechanical, dispassionate way to anyone who will buy her a drink and pay a couple of dollars.

In Munich, aside from the cheap sin of the depot area, professional prostitutes station themselves on practically every busy corner and intersection in the city. The trade begins at 10:30 a.m. on Sendlinger Street to handle the early morning market and business crowd. Such after-breakfast indulgence is termed "the coffee-break."

Earnings vary with the girls themselves. They rise, of course, around the first and fifteenth of each month—U. S. paydays.

Some of the girls admit earning up to \$500-600 each month. Others, usually older and unattractive, net as little as \$25-75 monthly. West German taxes take about 35 percent of the salaries of regularly employed persons. Taxes for professional prostitutes are levied under the novel system of an assessor sizing the girl up and deciding on the basis of her looks and clothes how much she probably earns. The girls attempt to beat down their tax payment by appearing before the assessor at their frostiest and least attractive.

**O**NE girl, an elegant young woman of 25, confided she earned \$600 monthly working as a prostitute five days a week. She said she supplemented her income by selling nude and obscene pictures of herself to customers.

She is, she said, the owner of a 1955 green Mercedes and drives the 50 miles to her parents' village outside Munich to visit them twice a month.

"I tried being a waitress, then a secretary," she said. "But it was always the same, the boss expected you to be accommodating—but he wanted you for nothing."

"I decided," she added, with a shrug of herself, "to stop giving myself away, and I haven't been sorry."

She shares an expensive, well-furnished



\$100-a-month apartment with a girl-friend and plans to buy a restaurant in a few years after she retires.

Not all the girls will have the same luck. The great majority of them have written finish to any possibility of a decent future by entering prostitution. Most will wind up diseased and ugly, scratching out some kind of living in small-time crime.

Even now many exist at a near-starvation level, crawling from their cheap neighborhoods to the lighted streets and warm bars where they can at least hear the sound of their own laughter, however feeble and forced.

Some of the hopeless cases, particularly around the Goethe Street area, feed Soviet agents bits and dribbles of military information gleaned from unsuspecting GIs. While the girls are unlikely to run across such intelligence items as the firing power of U. S. atomic cannon, now stationed on West German soil as part of the West's anti-communist defense system, they can and do pick up enough to embarrass, compromise and weaken the U. S. mission overseas.

West Germany has tough laws for dealing with the publication of pornographic literature. But from the ranks of the hundreds of pretty girls who each year attempt to crash the movie industry at Munich's huge Geiselgasteig film studios, models are easily recruited to pose for lewd photographs.

Cast-off directors and actors find readily accessible equipment for shooting filthy movies, a big local and export business. Photographers, operating quietly in some of the city's best residential sections and in Schwabing, Munich's artists' quarter, have flooded world markets with immoral pictures.

Munich after dark is a heady mixture of sophisticated, elegant bars, floor shows featuring nudes, dance halls, gambling ca-

sinos and lonely-hearts' meeting-places.

Most of Munich's night clubs direct their pitch at the fat American dollar. The clubs feature such attractions as a Parisian lingerie show with the frilly garments modeled by two shapely young ladies, "exotic beauty dancers" and "American-style strip-teasers." Two clubs feature lady wrestling, hostesses and telephones on the tables to speed intimacy.

In Schwabing, Munich's Greenwich Village, jazz-crazy kids meet at dozens of cigar-box-size clubs, jitterbugging until the early morning hours to the music of marijuana-smoking musicians.

Munich is a city of almost 1,000,000 people, famous for more than 200 years as an art center, a university city and as the home of the world's biggest and friendliest beer gardens.

**T**HE docile, good-humored Bavarians who carefully guard their pennings for the down payment on a motorcycle or Volkswagen ignore the slime of their city. A good Bavarian works hard, stays sober (except on Saturday nights and festival days), eats his wurst and wienerschnitzel, complains about taxes and the North Germans.

He would show the greatest surprise were you to point out to him that a few hundred feet from his city's famous *Rathaus* (town hall), the naked bodies of men and women are exposed almost every night to the camera of a specialist in pornography.

He would dismiss as "natural" the fact that five dollars will buy a woman for an hour in front of the *Michaelskirche*, one of his city's oldest churches and the one he probably attends on Sundays.

His explanation is that an army and a war—any army and any war—bring the same evils. It has always been that way and probably will be that way for a long time to come. ♦♦♦

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## OUTDOOR G-MEN

To the Editor:

In a recent issue of STAG, you mentioned fresh air jobs with the Immigration and Naturalization Service. I am very much interested in obtaining an appointment with the Border Patrol, which I am sure you were speaking about, but I am at a loss as to whom I should contact.

Colvin C. Moore  
T/Sgt. USMC

We've received perhaps 50 inquiries on the same matter. Write to the Commissioner, Immigration and Naturalization Service, 119 "D" Street, Washington, 25, D.C.

## POW! WOW!

Mr. Stephen Hull:

Quite by accident I noticed your article "Nighttime Girls of Terre Haute." I've never read anything so ridiculous and distasteful in my life. Why is it, if you know so much about our town, you failed to mention all the decent people who never see this so-called "bad" side of our town? The way you wrote that article, you gave the impression that everyone is either a drunkard or a dope fiend, and going to stags and drunken parties every night. I realize Terre Haute isn't all it should be, that gambling and such go on, but that doesn't mean that everyone in the city is a part of it. Having lived in this town all my life, I do feel quite proud of it. Let the low type of people have their gambling and vice, but the decent citizens of Terre Haute have nothing to be ashamed of in their town. Why make the innocent suffer along with the guilty? Anyone reading that article would probably go out of their way to keep from hitting Terre Haute.

Mary R. Doyle  
Terre Haute, Indiana

Dear Mr. Hull:

Wow! Congratulations! The article you wrote in the November issue of STAG (see above) makes one from the town of Terre Haute afraid to admit it. I must congratulate you, though, on your nerve and thorough and accurate description of the wide-open town.

There was only one thing wrong: Mayor Tucker or one of his associates got rid of every copy of STAG they could lay their hands on, but a few got into the hands of the public. I think you should send another stack of them to the town. If what you said was the truth, then no one has the right to prevent the public from knowing just what kind of a town they live in. I was born and raised there and knew that it was a wide-open town, but as an individual, I could do nothing about it.

The only thing I am sorry about is that more people didn't get to read about their prize town. There is only one thing wrong with Terre Haute: the people have the nerve to drag down innocent people with their gossip, yet they never stop to think what kind of rotten place they live in and they continue to let such things go on without even lifting their little finger to put a stop to it.

A former resident

## SOUTHPAW SPECIAL

To the Editor:

In the November issue of STAG, the Stag Confidential column mentions a special pen for lefties.

Who manufactures such a pen?

Directors, Mt. Pleasant Drug Co.  
Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

Most of the gadgets (the above included) mentioned in Stag Confidential are so fresh off the drawing board that they haven't yet found a manufacturer. STAG generally grabs up the new gadgets as soon as they're patented.

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# a flesh peddler is DEAD

by ROBERT J. LEVIN

**H**E HURRIED down Great Newport Street, a small, stoop-shouldered man whose face was hidden by the shadows of the night. From a distance came the muffled tones of Big Ben striking four A.M. The little man moved even faster, his breath frosting in the cold January air, his footfalls echoing hollowly in the deserted street.

A policeman loomed ahead. When the two passed one another, the London bobby eyed him sharply. The little man acknowledged the stare with an abrupt nod, but his pace didn't slacken. Minutes later, swallowed up by the moonless night, he came to a grimy building and, after a quick glance back in the direction of the bobby, he entered and went up two flights of stairs.

Stopping before a door that bore neither name nor number, he inserted a key in the lock and turned it with deliberate caution. Then he silently slipped inside and stood with his back against the closed door, probing the dark apartment.

As his eyes became accustomed to the blackness, he saw nothing that moved; but, as his ears became attuned to the silence, he picked up the sound of labored breathing. He sniffed like an animal in search of a scent.

And among the apartment's blend of offensive smells—including cabbage, musty furniture, stale beer and littered ash trays—there was also the scent of a woman: cheap lilac perfume.

Cautiously he made his way across the room to a bed in the corner. When he was certain the woman lay there alone, he grunted and switched on a small bed lamp. The sickly light fell full on her face, but her eyelids didn't flicker. She slept with her mouth partly open, and as she sucked in air, she snored slightly. Apparently she had fallen asleep while undressing. She wore a slip but no other undergarments, and though one leg was bare, the other was still clad in a stocking, rolled down to the knee.

**F**OR a long moment the man stood there, staring at her. No expression crossed his thin pale face, but with an habitual gesture he ran one hand through his thick black hair and shook his head, and then he swore softly. An empty whisky bottle lay on the floor. He kicked it, and it crashed against the metal stand of a wash basin, shattering. Still the woman slept undisturbed.

He pulled her up to a sitting posi-

tion, looped one of her arms around his neck and seized her by the waist. With a heave, he got her to her feet. She didn't open her eyes but mumbled a protest. He dragged her into the bathroom and dumped her into a tub. Then he turned on the cold water.

Her eyes flew open and she was about to scream at him, but he clamped a hand across her mouth and shoved her head under the stream of water, holding it there while her body thrashed furiously. Then he growled a warning: "Keep your mouth shut—hear me?" And he let her go.

She stood up in the tub, the wet slip plastered to her sturdy body, outlining strong breasts and full, firm hips, a woman who would have been a sculptor's delight. And in her anger, her face became vital and alive again, beautiful in a savage way, with deep-set eyes and flaring nostrils and a mouth shaped to bite as well as kiss. From between her lips came a torrent of curses as she swore at the man in French.

He waited out her fury with patience, and when the chilly air in the apartment made her shiver, he held out a towel. Quickly she stripped off the slip and the remaining stock-



ing; and after she wrapped the towel around as much of her as it would cover, she stepped out of the tub. The small, stoop-shouldered man reached for another towel and helped her dry herself.

"Why'd you have to go and get drunk?" he complained. "Ain't I got my hands full without you being loaded?"

She didn't answer him. Instead she asked: "What happened?"

He ignored her question, too. "Don't waste time talking," he said. "Just shake a leg and get your clothes on!"

Her lips twitched. "Usually it's the

other way around, *n'est-ce pas?*" she commented sardonically as she let the towel fall and walked back into the bedroom, none too steady on her feet.

For a moment he eyed her appreciatively. "They just don't manufacture them the same way in this country," he said. "That's why we import them."

Then, as though he remembered something else, his face clouded over; and he strode to a closet where he got a suitcase and started packing.

It was almost two hours before the pair were finally on their way; and as they stepped out onto Great Newport Street, daylight was seeping

through sullen gray clouds. It was January 24, 1936.

Not much later that same morning, in the cathedral town of St. Albans, 20 miles north of London, a carpenter named Henry Sparger was bicycling to work. It was, as usual, drizzling. Although he was peddling vigorously and kept his head tucked in to avoid the rain, out of the corner of his eye he spotted a man sprawled out in a ditch alongside the road. As he got off his bike and approached the still figure, Sparger thought the man might be drunk. But one look at that face, upturned to the sky, eyes open and





pooling with rain, and the carpenter knew the truth.

Swiftly he biked the rest of the way to work and called the police from there. They dispatched an ambulance to pick up the corpse and take it to the local funeral parlor, figuring that the dead man had probably been hit by a car during the night. But the ambulance driver and the policeman left the corpse where it was; and in a short while raincoated officials were clustered at the spot, staring with grim concentration at the remains of a man who had had six bullets fired point-blank into his belly.

Assigned to the case was Inspector Eric Sharpe of Scotland Yard, a calm, polite, distinguished-looking man who would have been perfectly at ease in the diplomatic service. As he stood among the others at the scene of the crime, having driven there promptly from London, he was a man to be marked. Taller than most of the St. Albans officials, he remained by the corpse in thoughtful silence, surveying the flat countryside made dismal by the chill drizzle, the clump of desolate trees and shrubs to the south and the meadow to the north.

Then he turned his attention to the murder victim. The man appeared to have been in his 40s, average height, heavy-set. His skin was swarthy and slightly pitted, and the bridge of his nose was pinched. He wore no overcoat; but his well-tailored suit and shoes indicated expensive tastes. On his left hand he wore a valuable star-sapphire ring. Sharpe stooped over and tried to remove the ring. It slipped right off, and the inspector pursed his lips thoughtfully.

On that same hand, Sharpe observed that the knuckles were skinned, and a more careful observation of the murdered man's face revealed a number of bruises. His pockets were empty; and the labels had been removed from his jacket. Unless the man's fingerprints were on record, identification might prove difficult.

As soon as the corpse was lifted onto a stretcher, to be taken to Scotland Yard for an autopsy, Sharpe scrutinized the ground for bloodstains. He found none; nor were there any marks to indicate that the dead man had been dragged over the ground before being dumped in the ditch.

The inspector talked briefly with Constable Gerald Sykes of St. Albans, who confirmed the fact that the murder victim wasn't familiar in the locality. Sykes added that there had been no reports during the night of any strange sounds or activities, but he pointed out that the road didn't carry much traffic and that the nearest

house was quite a distance away, so that even the firing of a gun might pass unheard.

"I don't think the murder was committed here," said Sharpe. "It's my guess that the man was killed some distance away—perhaps in London, perhaps somewhere outside the city where shooting the man might be easier."

The constable glanced at him quizzically.

"I base that on a couple of things," Sharpe explained. "The blood had congealed before the corpse was deposited here. That took time, half an hour or better, I should imagine. A drive from London would account for that time rather neatly. Then, too, the body was on the left side of the road, where it would be if the murderer were coming up from the direction of London. If he'd just passed through St. Albans, it would have been on the other side."

"Dumped the dead man like a sack of wheat, he did," commented the constable. "He must be a cold-blooded bloke."

**S**HARPE chose his words tactfully.

"It does seem that way at first," he said, "but a few things make me doubtful. For instance, he stripped the body to prevent identification—but he overlooked a ring. Next, he brought the body out here, apparently planning on disposing of it so that it wouldn't be found for a while—but he didn't know where he was going and, in the end, he hadn't the faintest idea of where to leave the corpse. My guess is he drove around futilely looking for a spot, with nothing to guide him except what his headlamps revealed. Finally he grew alarmed because daylight was approaching, and he deposited the body in the ditch."

"Still," countered the constable, "he did put six bullets into the man."

"A calloused killer might do just that," Sharpe agreed. "Yet a man in a panic might do the same thing. He would keep pulling the trigger until the revolver was empty." Then, with a rueful smile, he added: "But whether he has strong nerves or weak ones, he can still lead us a jolly good chase."

Inspector Eric Sharpe had never been more right in his life. England's Scotland Yard would start the case and the French Sûreté would finish it, with Argentina's State Police becoming involved along the way. It began with a corpse and would end with a killer; and flushed into the open by the hunt were all manner of vermin that run on two legs.

From the very outset of the case, Scotland Yard had trouble. The dead man's fingerprints weren't on record,

and there were no immediate reports of such a person being missed. The autopsy revealed little that seemed important, at first, beyond the fact that death had occurred shortly before midnight of January 23rd. A ballistics expert identified the slugs as having been fired from a Mauser .311.

With its customary thoroughness, Scotland Yard sent out circulars bearing a photograph of the dead man and a detailed physical description, down to the wart on the palm of his right hand. In addition, the records of missing persons were scoured; and small paragraphs were carefully planted in London newspapers, calculated to catch the eye of anyone who might have known the murdered man.

When 48 hours went by without so much as a telephone call concerning the case, Inspector Sharpe grew convinced that the victim must have been involved in some kind of criminal activity. No other explanation made sense. If the dead man had been poorly dressed, he might have been one of those uprooted souls who wander in the twilight of human society, who count for little when they are alive—and for nothing when they are dead. They lie nameless and unmourned in potter's fields all over the world.

But this bullet-riddled corpse had been wearing fine clothes and expensive shoes. He must have known people; he must have been engaged in business; he must have lived somewhere and been familiar in the neighborhood. Yet apparently no one had missed him.

**T**O Inspector Sharpe, the opposite had to be true. The dead man was very much missed; but those who missed him had no wish to have the police probing his affairs. So they kept silent in the hope that the corpse would be disposed of without any fuss. It was up to the inspector to disprove them.

He studied the autopsy report carefully, particularly the section—usually considered routine—that gave a physical description of the corpse. One line was reserved for: "Scars, Blemishes." The dead man had had several scars on his face, all quite small and dating back a number of years. But what most interested Sharpe was a notation concerning the scar of an appendix operation: "Less than six months old."

At this point, with nothing else to go on anyway, the inspector made two quick assumptions and then took a chance. He assumed that the murdered man had lived in London and that he had been there at the time his appendix was removed. On this basis, Sharpe thought it was worthwhile to

try to track down the man through the city's hospitals.

He conferred with Dr. Felix Ginsburgh, who had performed the post mortem, and together they went to the morgue to view the body again. After scrutinizing the scar, the doctor was convinced that the operation could not have occurred more than six months earlier, nor less than three months.

"That narrows it down considerably," said Sharpe.

Dr. Ginsburgh eyed him dubiously. "You don't really expect to learn the identity of this cadaver by tracing his appendix operation, do you, Inspector? For one thing, you would have to get in touch with every doctor who performed an appendectomy during those three months. For another, you would be asking them to check their memory of a patient's face against the photograph you might send them. This is extremely difficult. A general practitioner may know most of his patients, but a surgeon? Hardly."

"That would be a sticky job, all right," admitted Sharpe. "But to tell the truth, I had a different plan."

"Good," said the doctor with a shake of his head, as though he had just taken a temperature reading and found his patient recovering.

"Yes," Sharpe went on, "my plan is to have the hospitals give me names, addresses and phone numbers of anyone who had an appendix operation during those three months and who

was of the male sex between the ages of 35 and 50. That should give me a limited list, I should think."

"And then?"

"Then put a telephone squad to work, pretending to be investigating for purposes of medical statistics. 'Mr. So-and-So was operated on for appendicitis on such-and-such a date. Is his recovery satisfactory?' Or some such rot. For those without telephones, we will do the same thing on foot. Within 48 hours, doctor, I should know whether my gamble will pay off."

"Let's hope so—it certainly seems clever enough."

"One other matter," said Sharpe. "After a person is dead, would it be easier or harder to remove a ring that he wore habitually?"

"Harder, Inspector."

Sharpe shook his head. "It bothers the devil out of me, that ring. A star sapphire, easily worth 75 pounds, and yet it was still on his finger. What's more, it slipped off so easily, it must have been at least one size too large. And the inscription on it was in French: '*Plus que hier.*' It's a strange phrase—means 'More than yesterday.' I must confess it's got me puzzled."

The puzzle of the ring was to remain long after the puzzle of the murdered man's identity was solved. When Inspector Sharpe and his aides finished sifting through the list of male appendicitis patients who had been questioned either by phone or in person, there were only two individuals who could not be accounted for. One was a traveling salesman named Henry Nott. The other was a jeweler named Melvin Allard.

Nott was a married man whose wife seemed quite unconcerned about the fact that she hadn't heard from her husband in almost three weeks. She said this was "just his way" when he was off on business.

"He never has nothing to say when he's here at home," she explained placidly, "so you wouldn't hardly be expecting him to write me postcards when he's away, now would you?"

FROM Mrs. Nott's description of her husband—"bald, fat and dumpy, but kind of cute"—he didn't seem to be the refrigerated corpse in the morgue; nor did the photographs that she showed to Yard detectives resemble the murdered man. But orders went out to have Henry Nott traced.

The other man, Melvin Allard, was a bachelor. He had a flat in Pembroke Square, a respectable middle-class neighborhood. The people who lived on the same floor as he did could only describe him hazily as being "nice," "quiet," and "polite." His landlady did

better. She said he was "a big man with a bad skin, who wore glasses and talked with an accent." When she was shown a photograph of the dead man, the landlady said she was "middling sure" that he was her tenant.

She was asked whether she would go to the morgue to identify him, if possible.

"Is he in one piece?" she asked.

"He is."

"Then," she said, crossing herself, "I'll go."

So it was that the corpse got a name—Melvin Allard. And though, as it soon developed, this wasn't the dead man's real name, it was enough to make it possible to bury the cadaver, and to take the first steps along the trail of the murdered.

A TEAM of Yard detectives, operating under Inspector Sharpe's supervision, pieced together the background of the man called Melvin Allard. It wasn't an easy task. Everywhere they went, they had to dredge for information; no one had facts to volunteer. Allard owned a small jewelry shop on Drury Street, a drab, dimly lit place that specialized in cheap merchandise and tourist junk. The clerk who worked for Allard was a thin, sickly-looking young man named Cyril Snead. He said he wasn't surprised at not having seen Mr. Allard for five days—occasionally the man was gone for longer periods than that.

None of the wholesale representatives in the jewelry trade who supplied Allard with merchandise could say much about him, beyond the fact that he paid his bills by the tenth of each month. The owners of neighboring stores knew even less. And when the man's business ledger was examined by an accountant, it became clear that the store's margin of profit was too slender to have enabled Allard to live modestly, let alone wear the expensive clothes that he did.

Hospital records, supplied by St. Luke's, where Allard had had his operation, revealed that he was 49 years old and of French Canadian descent. He had named no one to be notified in case of emergency. He had paid his medical and surgical bill in cash, before leaving the hospital. Perhaps the most striking fact of all was that during his stay at St. Luke's, he had had just one visitor: Cyril Snead. And Snead had gone there for business reasons only.

Melvin Allard seemed to be a man who lived in a world of his own.

"But I don't believe it," Inspector Sharpe insisted. "No hermit decks himself out as this man did, with clothes the King could hardly afford.



And no hermit keeps his nails manicured and his hair trimmed as Allard did, unless he wants to impress someone—probably a woman. Furthermore, he didn't earn his living by legitimate commerce, but he might have done very well handling stolen goods."

"And no wind of his activities reaching at the Yard?" asked one of the inspector's aides. "He must have been deucedly clever."

"Not clever enough to side-step six bullets," said Sharpe drily. "But all that isn't important right now. What matters is for us to find out everything we can about this man Allard. If we don't, we're not likely to find out much about his murderer."

"Where do we search next?" asked the aide.

"I don't think we'll be the one doing the searching," replied Sharpe as he picked up the telephone. Then, to the operator, he said: "Please ring up Inspector Jean Belin, Sûreté Nationale."

Sharpe, who had previously cooperated with Belin on criminal cases, spoke to the French detective for a while, sketching the outlines of the Allard murder. When he finished presenting the facts, as far as they were known, he went on to give a few of his opinions.

"I believe this man was a professional criminal," Sharpe told Belin, "but he has no police record in England. This leads me to think that he has a record somewhere else and that perhaps he came here because of that record. He claimed to have been French Canadian, and accordingly we're asking for a report from Montreal."

"But," Sharpe went on, "there's a greater possibility that he was French and covered up for his accent by claiming to be Canadian. I'd like to send you the little we have—facts, photographs and fingerprints—to see whether or not you have a dossier on the man."

"Don't hesitate," said Belin. "I'll look into the matter myself."

This kind of cross-Channel teamwork in criminal affairs has always been fairly common, and English and French detectives have respect for one another's methods—although they both emphatically prefer their own. The English approach crime as a kind of chess game or problem in logic, complete with rules and to be engaged in only by those who observe the rules. Clues and motives are crucially important for any detective, no matter what his nationality, but if an English sleuth had to choose between the two, he would choose the clues.

The French would choose motives. They believe that crime, like love, has

little to do with reason and everything to do with passion. They believe that there are no rules for crime, just as *bien entendu*—there are no rules for love. Each man makes his own.

These sharply divergent attitudes that characterize the English and the French naturally lead to one fundamental difference in their methods of combating crime. A Scotland Yard detective is reluctant to seek out an informer and will do so only at the end of a case when he cannot make progress in any other way. A Sûreté detective begins a case by conferring with his stable of informers, and only after exhausting their supply of tips will he turn to routine police procedures.

Inspector Belin of the Sûreté wasted no time in starting *l'affaire Kassel*, as it soon became known throughout France. The very morning that he received the documents from London, including the dead man's fingerprints, he was able to call Scotland Yard and report that Melvin Allard was very well known to the French police under his real name, Max Kassel, as well as his underworld alias, Max le Requin. (Max the Shark).

Police records painted a graphic portrait of the man. He had been born in Riga in 1887, the youngest of 18 children. When he was 10 years old, he had been sent to Paris, where he was apprenticed to learn the fur trade. His first arrest occurred six years later, for theft. At the time he boasted that he deliberately allowed himself to be caught so that he would be sent to jail, where he intended to learn a better trade.

**H**E did. Max the Shark emerged from prison to become a professional criminal. From the ranks of his fellow prisoners he recruited those who would soon be released and welded them into an underworld gang. In a grim way, young Kassel was ahead of his time—he belonged in the modern era of the specialist. For he insisted that every member of his gang should be skilled in one branch of crime or another: pickpocket, safecracker, confidence man, jewel thief—any specialty would do.

Max the Shark went further. He succeeded in persuading several of his men to learn foreign languages, and they concentrated afterward on fleecing those tourists whose language they spoke. One man, Etienne Suet, admitted when he was finally captured that he had studied with a private tutor, a young American artist, so that he could speak "American, not English." He had then specialized in cultivating the friendship of lone American women in Paris and, both

figuratively and literally, stripping them of everything he could.

Understandably enough, there was a part of the Kassel record that Inspector Belin did not forward to London. This concerned one of Max the Shark's most audacious stunts, a coup that was the talk of Paris for several years after it was ultimately revealed and that still stirs up conversation in bars along the streets of the Bastille section.

Kassel recruited a young fellow named Vito Caroli, whose father was French but whose mother was an unmarried Italian girl living in Paris, and, since Caroli had no record of arrests, Max the Shark pulled certain strings and had him admitted to the Paris police force. Caroli served as an *agent de police* for the Paris prefecture, which differs from the Sûreté Nationale in the same way the New York police differ from the F.B.I., and for four years he had a spotless record.

Then on a night in April, 1919, two men held up a swank night club on the Boulevard des Clichés and, while escaping in a Citroën, they crashed into another car. One of the two died instantly; the other, Vito Caroli, lived long enough to want to clear his conscience. He had simultaneously engaged in a police and a criminal career—but his chief utility to Max the Shark was as an informer!

He quoted Kassel as saying, "They have theirs; why shouldn't we have ours?"

For three years the Paris police stewed over this insult, much to the amusement of the men at the Sûreté. To make matters worse, when Kassel was arrested in 1922 on a charge of trafficking in drugs, the arrest was made by the Sûreté.

In 1931, Max the Shark, paroled as a result of political pressure, slipped back into the underworld. He was seen in his old haunts near Place de la Bastille; but he was a solitary figure. Convinced that he had been betrayed into the hands of the Sûreté by someone who knew him, he determined to be as independent as possible. And for a number of years, the only activity of Kassel's that the police had on record was his traveling. Every six months he made a trip to Buenos Aires and back, for reasons that could not—for a while—be determined.

On August 9, 1932, the body of a lovely young girl was fished out of the Seine. Her name Maria Madriaga; she was 19 years old; and she had committed suicide. Police inquiries revealed that she had been working as a prostitute, and that her *maquereau* was a man called Biguet. He vanished before he could be questioned, but there were



enough threads of information to link him with Max the Shark. Though there could be no proof, there now seemed little doubt that Kassel's trips to Buenos Aires were for the purpose of rounding up young girls to be brought to Paris as prostitutes.

Lacking the evidence they would need to bring him to trial, French authorities took the only other step they could. Since he was not a French citizen, they withdrew his *carte de résidence* and he was forced to leave the country.

It seemed clear that Kassel had crossed the Channel and lived for the last four years in England under the name of Melvin Allard. On the strength of the Sûreté report, Scotland Yard was prepared to launch a full-scale investigation of the man's activities during this period; but the English felt that a simultaneous two-pronged probe would be most effective. Would the Sûreté join forces with them?

Inspector Belin pledged his full cooperation. He promptly assigned the task to one of his most brilliant associates, Robert Martin, a blunt outspoken man who looked younger than his 35

years. Martin was considered a little strange by some of his colleagues because his entire life seemed to be absorbed by his profession. He was as fascinated by criminals of all nationalities as other men are by athletes, and he could reel off their names, records and idiosyncrasies without effort. At home he had an unparalleled crime library, and he would haunt the book stalls along the Seine in search of a new leaflet or book for his collection.

Martin started on Kassel's trail by consulting, as usual, with his informers. This time, unfortunately, he could tell them more than they could tell him. Kassel's murder took them by surprise. In return, the only point they could establish for Martin was that during the past few years, Max the Shark had been seen cruising around Paris but keeping well out of sight. As far as anyone knew, he was still trafficking in women. But none of the informers could explain how he had been operating.

Later that day, Martin went into the Latin Quarter and stopped off at the Spanish Mission on Rue Thouin. In a small, simply-furnished office decorated only with several religious paintings and a statue of the Virgin

Mary, Martin talked with a Spaniard who was old and yet ageless. Dark eyes, expressionless, set deep in the weathered dark skin of his face, the old Spaniard listened while Martin explained why he had come.

He identified himself as a Sûreté detective and said that he was seeking a murderer. "But the man who was killed," Martin went on, "was also evil, so that to find out who killed him, we must make our way through a maze of filth. Perhaps, if we're lucky, we'll be able to punish the murderer and clean up the filth as well."

The old Spaniard's nod was the gesture of one who speaks another language, signifying only that he had understood what had been said.

"The dead man had profited from prostitution," Martin continued. "We know that he recruited young girls for this purpose—many of them from Argentina."

The dark, inscrutable eyes remained fixed on Martin's face.

"I want to speak to any Argentinian girl," the detective said with greater urgency, "who might have known this man, Max Kassel. He was also known as Max the Shark, and as Melvin Allard. I swear that I will not betray her trust."

"It is a hard thing you ask," replied the old Spaniard slowly. "Those who come to us are seeking our help—it would be strange for us to turn around and ask them for help. And yet perhaps this is His way of helping many others, who will not come to us. Or who cannot."

In the days that followed, Martin spent much of his time prowling around the Bastille area, moving from one *bistro* to another in search of scraps of information. He soon realized how tough his task was. It was bad enough that lips were sealed, as they would ordinarily be, no matter what crime he was probing. But in *l'affaire Kassel*, when he did manage to pry a few open, he realized that Max the Shark had become an underworld legend and was the subject of a thousand untrue stories. "Facts" that were fearfully whispered to Martin turned out to be pure fiction.

One peculiar reference, however, was made by a Rue de Lapp pimp and also by a *bistro* owner. They said they had heard that Max the Shark was still "selling the same product" but that he was paying off men. They didn't know what the payoff was for; but they were annoyed because the money was going to Englishmen, and they held it against Kassel for not cutting Frenchmen in on the racket, whatever it was. French criminals are no less



chauvinistic than their fellow citizens—anything an Englishman can do, a Frenchman can do better.

Martin was convinced that there was an element of truth in what had been told him, although he couldn't puzzle it out. Since prostitution was legal in Paris, as long as the girl registered with the police and had periodic examinations to make sure that she wasn't diseased, the city had become one of the world's principal auction blocks for the peddling of females.

Not all of this was on the "retail" level, where the customer is served. A considerable amount of "wholesale" prostitution was carried out in Paris, where groups of young girls, freshly imported into the city, were siphoned off for activity elsewhere. Many of these girls came from poorer countries, like Argentina, and they were grateful for having the chance to earn more money in a year or so than they could hope to see at home in a lifetime.

**M**AX the Shark had simply capitalized on the situation. But in such cases he was paid off by men who needed new stock for their brothels. For Martin to be told that wily Max Kassel was paying Englishmen for some kind of service rendered, was mystifying.

On February 3rd, 11 days after the body had been found, Sûreté detective Robert Martin got the first solid lead in the case. A scrawled note in the mail reached him at headquarters on the Rue des Saussaies. It contained nothing but an address and a time—"75, rue de Charonne . . . #119 . . . 5:30 p.m." and the phrase, "*Hasta la vista*." Nothing more was needed.

It was one of those large buildings that formerly provided apartments for the wealthy but that now are used for the most part as offices. Outside the front door, there were plaques identifying the businesses located in the building. Only the *concierge*, however, knew who else lived there.

Martin took the elevator to the fourth floor, which was as far as it went. The corridor stretched left and right; but a flight of wooden steps circled the elevator shaft, leading upward. Martin went up to the next floor, pushed open a scarred wooden door and stepped into the garret corridor. It was dark and not wide enough for a man to stretch out his hands, and a tall man would have had to walk along it with head bowed.

Room numbers started at 110. Martin knocked on the door to 119. The woman inside didn't ask who it was. She simply said, "*Entrez!*" And when he stepped into the room, he saw that she was lying in bed.

She cocked her head to one side as

though gauging him as a man. "So you're the *fic*," she said. "I'm honored."

He ignored the sarcasm, and there seemed no point in explaining that—as foreigners so often do—she had her slang mixed up. A *fic* is a prefect cop and not a Sûreté detective, with only this in common: she probably hated them both.

Martin took off his hat and nodded politely.

"Don't get the wrong idea," she said. "I'm not waiting for customers to knock on my door. I'm not that lazy. But I'm sick."

"I know," replied Martin, taking in the purplish shadows under her eyes and the dull tone of her olive skin. Even her long black hair seemed dull and dry, as though it hadn't been cared for in quite a while.

She smiled ruefully. "They say you French are romantic. You're not. You're very practical. A Spanish gentleman, now, he would never have agreed with me so quickly. He would have told me that I look beautiful, that I didn't look sick at all, and that if I really were sick, I should stay that way forever because it made me so much more beautiful!"

"I'll remember next time," said Martin. "Are you Spanish?"

"My parents were. I was born in Argentina."

"How did you get to Paris?"

"You know as well as I do."

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I take nothing for granted."

She shrugged. "How dull you must be!"

"Maybe so," he replied calmly. "That's my job. Now, why are you willing to talk to me?"

"Oh, come on!" she said with some annoyance. "You've got more finesse than *that*! Does a man ask a woman why she's willing to sleep with him? No, he's just glad that she is—and that's that. I'm willing to talk to you about Monsieur the Shark. Just be glad that I am."

Martin stared at her with astonishment, and when he spoke again, his voice reflected a new respect. "Would you tell me, please, what you know of Max Kassel?"

She was 17, she told the detective, when she met Kassel in Buenos Aires. At the time she was selling flowers; but the Shark convinced her that she had other things to sell, and at a far greater profit. He brought her to Paris and personally saw to it that she was placed with a woman who introduced her into wealthy circles. Kassel himself visited her frequently.

When he was forced to leave France, he planned to have her go with him.

But shortly before that she had to have an abortion, and because of complications, she wasn't strong enough to make the trip. Though he returned to Paris occasionally, always managing to spend time with her, he never again proposed that she accompany him to England.

Four months earlier, when he last visited Paris, Kassel had seemed nervous and had spoken of the possibility of being murdered. He had said that there were several men who owed him money and who might consider killing him as the quickest way to settle their debts. Then, too, he had heard a rumor that a brother of one of the Argentinian girls that he had brought to Paris, and who had recently died after an abortion, was coming over to avenge the family's honor.

"The family name is Sarria," she said. "The brother's name is Jorge. But I do not think he did it."

"Why not?"

She hesitated and then replied, "I just don't. Let it go at that."

"All right. Did Kassel ever mention other names to you?"

"I imagine he did, but I never paid attention to such things, and I can't remember any names right now."

"Except Jorge Sarria."

"Except Jorge Sarria," she echoed unhappily.

"How do you happen to remember that particular name?"

Her eyes blazed. "You ask too many damn questions!"

"I'm sorry. That's my job."

"Then ask me something else."

"*D'accord*. Did Kassel keep returning to Paris just to see you?"

The anger melted. "That was galling," she said with a fleeting smile. "But the answer is no. He came on business."

"What business?"

**S**HE seemed surprised. "You mean you don't know—or you aren't taking it for granted?"

"I don't know."

"He came to Paris to arrange marriages," she said coolly.

"What the devil are you talking about?" Martin burst out.

"It's quite simple," she explained.

"A girl can make more money in London than in Paris—especially if she's been around too long over here. She's a new face over there, and besides, the competition isn't so strong. But a girl can't pick herself up and go live in London. She needs a passport—if she wants to work, that is."

"What's that got to do with marriages?"

"Everything. Max would find some hard-up Englishman who would do

anything for a few pounds and who happened to have a passport. Max would bring him to Paris and arrange for the Englishman to marry some girl that the Shark wanted to 'import.' Once the ceremony was over and the girl had a British passport, the Englishman would collect his fee and go his way, while Max and the girl would go theirs—back to London, of course."

For a few minutes Martin silently considered the scheme. It was beautifully, cunningly simple—and almost foolproof. And it must have been a rich racket. A payoff from the girl; and a payoff from an English pimp—or did Kassel keep his own stable in London? Either way he would profit handsomely. Operating expenses couldn't have been much, either. How many pounds would a hungry Englishman require to cross the Channel and "marry" a woman he would never see again?

**A**FTER further questioning, Martin learned that Max the Shark had dreamed up the scheme, but during the past year or so he had discovered that others were making use of the idea. So far, all such operations had been kept under cover, which wasn't too hard to do because no law was being broken. The marriage law was simply being perverted.

One name did emerge from this discussion. The Argentine girl recalled having heard Kassel speak with bitterness of someone named Carpenter. She didn't know much about this man, but she was quite certain that he was operating in the Bastille section.

Martin's index-card memory didn't have to be told much about Carpenter. Like Kassel, he too recruited prostitutes and peddled them; and ever since Max the Shark had been pushed out of France, it was Carpenter who dominated the dung-heap.

When Martin felt he had nothing more to learn from the girl, he tried again with the question she had sidestepped before. Why was she telling him all this?

When she answered, her voice had a different quality. It was quiet and earnest. "I don't know what difference this should make to you," she said, "or even whether you will understand. But I have done many wrong things in my life; and now, because I want to cleanse my hands and my soul, I am trying to say things that I believe must be said."

Martin was an atheist, but he thought he understood anyway. Not until *l'affaire Kassel* had come to a close, however, did he really understand.

As Martin was leaving, the girl

asked: "Don't you want to find out my name?"

He colored. "I expected to find out afterward. I didn't think—"

"It's Maria Cintron," she said, and her voice was as it had been before. "If you want my fingerprints, *flie*, come back tomorrow with an ink pad—and you can hold my hand!"

Martin returned to *Sûreté* headquarters in the Ministry of the Interior building and conferred with his chief, Inspector Belin. Together they drew up a report which was immediately sent to Scotland Yard. Belin made clear that his men would continue to work on the case, searching for Carpenter and anyone else who might throw light on the murder. In addition, they intended to crack down on the fake-marriage racket and hoped the British would do the same. He also explained that he had made no effort to communicate with the Argentine police since he thought Inspector Sharpe himself might prefer to initiate the contact and investigate the Sarria angle.

Scotland Yard hadn't been marking time. After having gotten Belin's first report, summarizing Max Kassel's criminal record, Inspector Sharpe and his men had sought for threads that would tie the dead man to London prostitution rings. This proved difficult. Kassel, with his customary cunning, had covered his tracks well.

Once again, however, Sharpe had operated with uncanny intuition. He was convinced that even though Kassel's main source of income might have been as a merchant of sex, he still must have picked up additional money as a jewel fence. Otherwise why would he have set up a shop? So when Sharpe learned, through an inter-departmental notice, that Yard detectives had turned up a substantial amount of stolen gems, he arranged for one of his men to be included in the continuing investigation. This detective was to concentrate exclusively on ferreting out any possible connections between the recovered gems and London prostitutes or procurers.

Luck was with the inspector. Among the stolen jewels there had been a set of matched emeralds, mounted on a ring and a pin, that belonged to the Marquise de St. Sauveur. The theft had occurred the previous November, when the marquise was stopping at the George V Hotel in Paris. From the pawnbroker, whom Yard detectives had nabbed with these jewels, among others, they could learn only that a prostitute named Suzy Preston had left them in his care. The pawnbroker insisted he hadn't reported receiving them to the police, as legally he was

required to, because the girl didn't pawn them. She merely had asked him to keep them in his safe.

It sounded like a ridiculous story; yet Inspector Sharpe was interested in it. He tried to locate the girl named Suzy Preston but failed. He managed to learn, however, that she was French and had only come to London a few months earlier. Preston was her married name, yet no one who knew her had ever met her husband.

Backtracking still further, Sharpe was well on his way to establishing Kassel's part in a fake-marriage racket when he got the second report from the *Sûreté*, confirming all that he already suspected from the evidence at hand. But Sharpe kept a man probing in this area and also alerted the London bobbies to keep on the watch for Mrs. Preston. She had fled from her flat on Great Newport Street long before any police activity threatened her. Why?

On the basis of the *Sûreté's* second report, Sharpe launched a new inquiry, aimed at evaluating the Argentine angle in the case. It quickly proved to be important. A telephone call to the Maritime Commission established one significant fact: on January 9th—just 15 days before the corpse of Max Kassel was dumped in the ditch—a seaman named Jorge Queraltó Sarria had been reported missing off the Argentine freighter *Lobo Rojo*. The ship had sailed without him; but the man had not yet turned up in the British Isles.

Sharpe cabled Argentina's *Policía Nacional* at their headquarters in Buenos Aires, requesting all available information on the missing seaman, particularly in reference to his family. While awaiting the reply, the inspector arranged for Scotland Yard agents to cooperate with the Maritime Commission's alien seamen division in hunting for Sarria. All ships bound for Buenos Aires were to be thoroughly searched.

**W**HEN the Argentine police report reached Inspector Sharpe several days later, it dovetailed with the information that had been forwarded from France. Jorge Sarria's sister Asunción had left Buenos Aires with "a Frenchman" in 1931, expecting to marry him. Subsequent letters to her family revealed only that she was not married. She never explained how she was living in France.

After her death, which resulted from an abortion, the truth was finally told in a letter written by a grieving girl friend. The Sarria family did not take this letter to the police—as, naturally, the *Policía Nacional* believed they should have—but brother Jorge set out to have his own vengeance.

It looked as though he had had it.



The search for Jorge Sarria was intensified. But for a while it seemed as though, after Kassel's death, the earth had swallowed up everyone who might possibly know something about it. Neither Sarria nor Suzy Preston nor the Frenchman named Carpenter could be found.

Doggedly Inspector Sharpe kept up his hunt for clues, sifting through evidence two and three times. The dead man's business ledger monopolized his attention for one full morning, as though its accounts might be some kind of hieroglyphic which, if properly interpreted, might then lead to the killer. But all Sharpe learned was that there were five customers who, at the time of Kassel's murder, had owed him substantial sums of money.

**T**HAT afternoon Sharpe went to the Drury Street jewelry shop. It was no longer in business but, under the supervision of the law, clerk Cyril Snead was liquidating the stock and settling outstanding accounts. The inspector questioned him quietly, trying to overcome the young man's obvious nervousness. This considerateness was born of experience—an overwrought person is unlikely to remember things well.

So, for a spell, the inspector and the clerk talked of trivial things. Gradually Sharpe worked around to the subjects he wanted to reach, and his patience paid off. Cyril Snead began recalling details that he had previously overlooked. His bony face knotted in concentration, Snead described a number of "regular" customers, individuals who returned to the shop a number of times to make small purchases, or just to talk to "Mr. Allard."

"It was queer," said Snead, "how many pretty girls come by to see the governor. You'd have thought he was a blooming movie star, you would!"

Sharpe didn't bother clarifying the matter, but he took a slip of paper from his pocket and read a description to Snead. "Honey-blond hair," he said, "blue eyes, high cheekbones, 5'2", 110 lbs., speaks English with a French accent. Do you recall such a girl?"

The clerk's thin face lit up. "Miss Suzy! I remember her, all right!"

"How often did she visit the store?"

"Not often enough," Snead said sorrowfully.

Sharpe remained patient. "How many times? Two? Three? And when was the last time?"

"I'd say four times, sir. The last time? I think it was the last day I saw the governor. She come by in the afternoon and seemed disappointed at him not being here. But when I told her to wait, he'd be right back—it



wasn't true, only I liked the idea of having her around—she said she'd see him later; and she left."

"Does this mean anything to you?" Sharpe held out his hand, and on the palm rested the star sapphire that the murdered man was wearing.

"No, sir."

"You're sure?"

The clerk nodded. "But Mr. Allard was queery in some ways," he added. "He handled orders that I never knew about, and I don't think we kept them on our books."

"I shouldn't be surprised," the inspector commented drily. "Tell me, who did your engraving?"

Snead gave him the name and address of an engraver whose shop was just a short distance away.

"One last question. When I looked over your ledger this morning, I noticed there were five individuals who owed Allard money. Have you collected what was due?"

Snead looked pained. "With the governor dead, you know, they're in no rush. They've all paid something on account, though—all except Mr. Vernon, and I haven't spoken to him yet. He's in France on business."

"Do you know the man?"

"Oh, yes," the clerk replied. "He was a friend of the governor's. I'm sure he'll be reasonable."

As a result of his conversation with Cyril Snead, Inspector Sharpe went right to see the engraver. The man recognized the star-sapphire ring as one that Allard had given him to engrave in a hurry. By consulting his records, he determined that the ring had been handed to him the morning of January 23rd and that Allard himself had picked it up that afternoon. He didn't know the meaning of the inscription; he had simply copied it from the paper on which the words had been printed: "*Plus que hier*"—more than yesterday.

Back at the Yard, Sharpe tried piecing together a few fragments of information. The last day of his life, Max Kassel had been very much concerned with the star-sapphire ring. He might have seen Suzy Preston; at least she expected to see him. Her role in the crime seemed to be growing in importance.

The inspector's curiosity was also aroused by Cyril Sneed's remark that "Mr. Vernon" was a friend of the dead man, and that he would be "reasonable" about repaying the money he owed. According to the ledger, Vernon owed 100 pounds. There was no specification of what the sum was for—whether as payment for jewelry or as a personal loan. Whatever it was, however, Vernon had owed Kassel the money for five months. No other debt had been outstanding so long. And Vernon was in France.

Inspector Sharpe wanted to know more about Robert Vernon, and he intended finding out for himself. But, as it turned out, he couldn't. Events began breaking too fast, and he had all he could do to keep up with them. So Yard detective Maury Smith took on the Vernon assignment, while Sharpe

coordinated the efforts of more than 15 investigators—English, French and Argentine—who were devoting full time to the Kassel case.

A major development occurred on February 10, 1936. It occurred, as these things so often do, by accident. A flash fire broke out in a cheap rooming house in Southampton, and several men were trapped by flames and smoke. By the time firemen got their ladders up, a few of the roomers had been overcome by smoke. No one died in the blaze, but those men who were smoke victims had to be given emergency oxygen and were then rushed to the hospital.

Several hours after they were admitted to the hospital, a night nurse, making her usual rounds, discovered one bed to be empty. A thorough search was launched, but the missing man wasn't found. Hospital authorities immediately called in the police, and a wide-scale hunt was soon under way.

Since the man was wearing just pajamas and the night was cold and bleak, and since he must have been weakened by the smoke poisoning, it hardly seemed possible that he could avoid being caught for long. Yet he

led the police a weird chase. During the night he ran into a drunken seaman, and before the sailor knew what was happening, he was minus his pea jacket and his shoes. Not far away, the police later recovered his shoes; they hadn't fitted.

He was able to hide away in the dark; but shortly after dawn reports trickled in from people who had noticed a "queer sort of fellow" walking barefoot through the city. Most of the reports came from the dock area, where stevedores and laborers were going to work. They thought the man must be mad, and they said it would be easy to track him down because now his bleeding feet were blazing the trail.

In a way, they were right: the man was a little out of his mind. This became clear when they caught him. He had trudged through the port area until he came to the dock where an Argentine ship was preparing to sail, and there he stood, like some stricken animal, staring at it from the wharf until the police came to get him. He made no protest as they led him away.

**B**UT Jorge Queraltto Sarria was not insane. Fever had temporarily unbalanced his mind, and, obeying some kind of primitive instinct, he had made his way to the ship that represented freedom to him; yet enough of his senses remained so that he made no attempt to go aboard, aware that this was impossible.

When Southampton officials notified Scotland Yard that they had seized Sarria, Inspector Sharpe said that he would go down to question the man. But this had to be delayed for almost 48 hours, until hospital doctors felt the young Argentine seaman was in possession of all his senses. There was a further complication resulting from the fact that Sarria was a foreign national and had to be accorded special consideration. The Argentine Embassy was requested to have a representative on hand when Sarria was to be interrogated.

This took place in a private room in the hospital. Sharpe was at a disadvantage because it was a small room and there were too many people present: Dr. H. L. Flick, attached to the hospital staff; Mr. Wallace Stackpool, one of the hospital's administrative officers; Señor Carlos Quesada, from the Embassy; Sgt. Frank Owens, a Southampton police officer who was to serve as translator; and a police secretary to record the questioning. Under these circumstances, Sharpe had little hope of achieving any kind of personal relationship with young Sarria.

Sarria was 23 years old, a short, wiry, high-strung fellow with dark



skin and handsome features. He still hadn't regained all his strength, and much of the time he lay back against the pillows, hands limp and eyes closed, answering questions in a voice that seemed to come from a distance; but occasionally his emotions would flare up—he would sit straight, eyes wide open and smoldering, hands clenched, and a torrent of Spanish would burst from his lips.

His story was simple. He had found out, from the girl who had written his family about his sister's death, that Max Kassel was living in London under the name of Allard. Sarria had shipped out on a freighter bound for Southampton, intending to kill Kassel. But he hadn't succeeded. Someone else had done the job first.

"You jumped ship January 9th," Sharpe reminded him, through the interpreter. "You had two weeks to accomplish your goal."

"I didn't have much money," the interpreter echoed Sarria, "and I do not speak English. To find the man was almost impossible. I couldn't just go up to a policeman and ask for directions, you know!"

"But you did eventually find Kassel?"

"Yes. I wrote to the girl in France. She told me where to find a girl in London who would know."

Inspector Sharpe recorded the name and address of the girl for later verification. Further questioning brought from Sarria the admission that he had tracked Kassel to his flat in Pembroke Square, and that he also knew of Kassel's store on Drury Street. The young Spaniard insisted, however, that he learned all this only a few days before Kassel disappeared from sight. At that time, he thought Kassel had somehow gotten wind that he was right on his trail and had hurriedly left London.

"I can't read English," Sarria said to the interpreter, "so I didn't read about the murder in the newspapers. But I thought maybe the man went to France to get away from me, and I wrote to the girl again, asking if she had seen him. That's how I found out he was dead."

**S**HARPE stopped him at this point, made him repeat what he had said and got him to swear that it was true. Then Sharpe made a note of this girl's name and address, too. If Sarria were telling the truth, and if the girl had saved his letter, his innocence would be quite strongly established. If she had destroyed the letter, much would depend on her credibility as a witness.

Looked at from the other point of view, however, there was little that tied the young Spaniard to the crime.

He could have done it; and he had a motive; but beyond that it was all conjecture. There were no witnesses, nor was there any evidence. Even the murder weapon hadn't been located. Only an outright confession from Sarria could establish his guilt—if he were guilty.

Inspector Sharpe had one other reason for not being convinced that this was the murderer. If Sarria had slain Kassel, he might very well have put six bullets into his victim's body in a surge of rage. But why would he have gone to the trouble of transporting the corpse to St. Albans, and above all else, why would he have bothered to strip it of any identifying marks?

Back in London, Sharpe had a conference with his associate, Maury Smith, who had been intensively digging into the past of the man named Robert Vernon. He was prepared to present quite a number of interesting findings.

#1: Vernon had a criminal record. His last sentence was seven to 10 years for forgery, and he had been out of prison on parole for only nine months.

#2: He had become involved in the prostitution racket. Although the details hadn't been nailed down yet, it seemed clear that he had been cooperating with Kassel, taking the "imported" French girls for business purposes. Since many of them could not speak English, he put them on call instead of making them streetwalkers.

#3: Vernon had disappeared from his usual haunts within a day or so of Kassel's murder. He was supposed to have gone to France on business. Since he had no right to do this without first notifying the Parole Board, which he had not done, Vernon was automatically subject to arrest.

#4: Suzy Preston, the prostitute who was being sought for further questioning on the stolen emeralds, was one of Vernon's women. There was a good possibility that she had become a source of contention between Vernon and Kassel.

It was this murder case that Inspector Sharpe was later to use when he gave a series of lectures at Cambridge University on "Crime, the Criminal and the Criminologist," as an illustration of what he called "the trial-and-error method." Some crimes are solved as a result of making progress step by step. This doesn't happen too often, but such instances of classic deduction are a delight to students of homicide. Then there are cases where the solution results from an investigator's vigilance and a pure stroke of chance. The majority of crimes fall into this category, much to the dismay of detection purists.

And then there are cases like the Kassel murder, where the keywords are patience and perseverance. The detective finds himself wandering in a maze, moving out of one blind alley into another. It is the toughest test of his will power and his ability first to sift through contradictory evidence and then to integrate what remains.

What remained in the Kassel case were two possible suspects, one with an admitted motive, the other with an apparent motive—and not a shred of evidence linking either of them to the murder. And now the investigation was being bounced back to France like a ping-pong ball. A search would have to be organized over there. Three people were wanted for questioning. In his report, Inspector Sharpe listed their names and everything he knew about them. There were Robert Vernon and Suzy Preston, formerly Suzy Delatour, thought to be hiding together somewhere in Paris.

And then there was the Argentine girl who had started Sarria on his voyage of vengeance and who now might be able to clear him of being involved in the actual murder. If she still had the letter that he had written, dated after the slaying but asking if she had seen Kassel in Paris, it would be strong evidence in his favor. It would not, however, be conclusive. There would still be the strange coincidence of the murder occurring precisely when Sarria had succeeded in locating Max the Shark. It seemed too perfectly timed to be an accident.

**T**HE name of the girl that Sarria claimed to have written to had no particular significance for Inspector Sharpe—but when the report arrived at the *Sûreté*, it startled Detective Robert Martin. It was a name, and an address, that was familiar to him. The address was 75, rue de Charonne; and the name was Maria Cintron.

He remembered her telling him: "I am trying to say things that I think must be said."

Why? What did she know that she hadn't yet explained? What guilt lay so heavily on her soul that she had finally been compelled to seek relief and, in seeking it, to tell a detective as much as she dared?

Martin would have to find out. But seeing her had to come second. The first move would be to get hold of Robert Vernon and the woman, Suzy, if the pair were still in Paris. This meant checking with informers and simultaneously throwing out a dragnet. It proved to be simpler than had been expected. Vernon was an unfamiliar face on Parisian streets; but Suzy was almost as well known as the Eiffel Tow-



er. She had clearly been trying to keep out of sight and had consequently been spotted only at night. These reports came from the 10th *arrondissement*, so every rooming house and cheap hotel in the section was scrutinized.

That did it. They picked up her trail on Rue Mazargan, which, like many Paris streets, is just a block long and stays out of the flow of traffic, making it easy for someone to hide away there. Suzy was kept under close watch for hours, when it was learned that Vernon wasn't with her, in the belief that she would lead detectives to him. But she remained in her room in the run-down hotel, except for a brief trip to buy bread, cheese and wine.

In the end, it was Vernon who came to Suzy. He walked into the place without any apparent concern, as though he imagined himself to be in the clear. Although it was dark, the plain-clothes man loitering near the door recognized him from photographs that Scotland Yard had sent over. At his signal, two other detectives made their way into the hotel and went upstairs to make the arrest.

They found they had a tigress by the tail. Suzy exploded with a brand of fury that only a French female can summon in times of emergency, while Vernon stood by and watched. Despite the fact that Suzy's face was twisted with anger, there was a savage kind of

beauty about her—the dark blue eyes, narrowed, and the lips, sensual and full but now taut as she cursed the detectives, not in the high-pitched voice of the unnerved woman but with the low, vibrating throb of the passionate female.

They waited her out. When finally her emotion was spent, they closed in and told her to put on her coat and come along quietly. They didn't have to tell Vernon. He hadn't had time to take off his coat; and he didn't seem capable of resisting. He seemed certainly incapable of murder, this slender, stoop-shouldered man, who followed the detectives like a dog trained to heel.

With the two behind bars, Inspector Belin and Robert Martin decided to hold off on questioning them until Inspector Sharpe could fly over from England. He told them over the phone that he would leave at six A.M. and would be at Sûreté headquarters the first thing in the morning.

Although by then it was getting late, Martin wanted to have all loose ends tied up before the English inspector arrived; and so he went to pay another visit to 75, rue de Charonne.

**W**HEN he rapped on the door to Room 119, a man in pajamas answered. He growled that he didn't know who had lived in the place before him, and why didn't Martin go ask the *concierge* as he damn well should have in the first place?

The old woman who was the caretaker had been sleeping, too, and she was equally furious until she learned that he was a detective. Then she fawned on him. Since she had taken out her false teeth for the night, her words were garbled and Martin had a hard time understanding much of what she said. But he gathered that Maria Cintron had been sick for several weeks and hadn't been able to pay her rent, nor had she been able to afford a doctor. According to the *concierge*, she had gone up with some soup one day and found the girl unconscious. When this was reported to the prefecture, Maria Cintron was taken to Pean Hospital on Rue de la Santé.

Martin called the hospital and learned that the girl was still there. She had had pneumonia and her condition when admitted was critical; but she was expected to pull through now. If Martin wanted to question her, however, he would have to come there early the next morning.

So it was that *Paffaire Kassel* stood teetering on the brink of a solution as February 16th dawned, bright and sunny and cold, 23 days after the discovery of the murdered man's body.

At eight A.M., Martin sat at the bedside of Maria Cintron. He told her of what had happened in England, with the arrest of Jorge Sarria and his implication in Kassel's murder. The Sûreté detectives made no mention, however, of the young Spaniard's statement about having written letters to her. Instead, he asked the girl if there was anything she had not told him before which she might want to discuss now.

MARIA Cintron's illness seemed to have sucked the juices of life from her body. With her eyes sunk deep in their sockets and the flesh of her face wasted away, the bony structure of her head was painfully apparent. And when she spoke, her sentences occasionally trailed off into silence. But after a few moments, during which she rallied her strength, she would continue again.

"I know Jorge Sarria," she whispered. "You know I know him, so you wouldn't be here unless you knew about the letters, too. That's how I could tell you what I did—Max wasn't aware of anything. Max didn't dream anyone would ever dare try to . . ."

"I wrote to Jorge. I wanted him to learn how his sister had died. I wanted him to hate Max as I hated Max because I thought Jorge might try to kill him. And I wanted him killed, not because he taught me to sell my body without telling me that I was also selling my soul, but because he no longer wanted me, soul or body. He went to England and left me. It's not true what I told you before. Max never came back to see me. He had no more use for me.

"So I wrote to Jorge, and when he told me he was coming over to avenge Asunción's death, I was happy . . ."

"When he was in England, he wrote and said he could not find Max, so I told him of a girl who would help him. It was as though Jorge was my gun, and I was aiming it at Max's filthy heart. And then it happened . . ."

Martin remained silent, waiting. Closed windows softened the noise of honking horns; footsteps and a murmur of voices filtered into the room from the hospital corridor. Maria Cintron's eyes remained closed, but her voice picked up the thread where she had left off and continued to weave her strange tale.

"I do not expect you to believe this," she murmured, "but it is true. One night I prayed that Jorge would succeed in killing Max. I had not prayed for a long, long time—and that night I prayed that a man should be murdered!"

But somehow my prayer changed, somewhere along the way. It was as

though I were suddenly being forced to hear myself and see myself, and I realized that my corrupt flesh had corrupted my soul. I prayed then, earnestly and fervently, for forgiveness . . .

"When I spoke to you, it was part of purging myself. And I welcomed my illness as punishment; and I hoped I would die. For I knew that Max had been murdered, and I thought that I was doubly guilty. I thought I had made one man a murderer and another man a corpse."

Martin shook his head. "It isn't the one who loads the gun who is guilty of murder," he said quietly. "It's the one who pulls the trigger. That's the law."

"There is a higher law."

"But there are no detectives needed there to try to establish the facts. The truth is known; and judgment is sure. Here, however, I do my best to leave the imperfect truth, so that an uncertain judgment can be made. Will you help me?"

SHE nodded.

"In the last letter you got from Jorge Sarria," Martin began, "didn't he ask whether you had seen Kassel? And wasn't this written after Kassel had been murdered?"

For a moment Maria Cintron seemed puzzled. Then she said unhappily: "If he had written it as you say, and if I had kept the letter, this would have proved him innocent, wouldn't it? But I never keep letters; and I don't believe he asked whether I had 'seen' Max. I think he asked whether I had 'heard anything' about him. And I had. I'd heard he was murdered. So I couldn't be sure if Jorge was using this way to tell me he had killed Max, or simply that he couldn't find him."

"But you told me you didn't believe Sarria had committed the crime."

"I still don't."

"Why not?"

"Because a Spaniard does not avenge his family with a gun. He uses a sword or a knife."

The sûreté detective shrugged. "What difference does the weapon make?"

"Still the practical man, aren't you?" she said with a faint smile. "To us there is a difference. You can hide somewhere and kill a man who doesn't see you, with a gun. But with a knife or sword, he must see you and know why he is going to die."

And that was as much as Martin got from Maria Cintron. He understood what her plight had been—not certain whether she had been partly responsible for Kassel's murder, yet certain that she had to speak the truth and let it lead where it would. If Sarria had committed murder, then so—

in her own mind—had she. She wanted to know this.

A considerable number of people wanted to know, too. Inspectors Sharpe and Belin, closeted together in the latter's office at Sûreté headquarters, listened first to Martin's summary of his interview with the prostitute Maria Cintron. Both officials agreed that this left the case hanging on a confession, and that getting one would be tough.

Since Vernon was English and Suzy Preston was French, the interrogation was to be split up accordingly. At the last minute, Inspector Sharpe took out the star-sapphire ring that had been found on the dead man, and he asked Inspector Belin whether the inscription had any particular significance.

Belin smiled. "It's a French saying," he told the Englishman. "*Je l'aime, plus que hier, moins que demain*. It means: I love you now more than I did yesterday and less than I will tomorrow. Since all this won't fit on a ring, 'more than yesterday' suggests the rest."

SHARPE explained the circumstances under which he had found the ring, and then he said: "Kassel had a small hand, and the ring was too large for his finger. Besides, the mounting indicates that it's for a woman. I believe it will fit the Preston woman. Will you have her try it?"

"Of course," said Belin, pocketing it. At that moment, nothing could have seemed less important.

The questioning of Robert Vernon didn't go well. On the surface he seemed to be a timid, docile man, but he proved to have the strength of a strand of steel. He could not be hurried into answering questions quickly. His voice never wavered. And he had a maddening habit of talking interminably about things that had nothing to do with the case.

"When did you last see Max Kassel?" he was asked.

"Who remembers dates?" he said with a shrug. "All I remember is going to his shop. Jimmy Alison was around—now there's a helluva nice bloke, plays a good game of cribbage, he does, and it ain't often I gets to beat him. Anyways, that day he and me and Melvin—that's the only name I ever knew he had—well, the three of us was playing cribbage . . ."

On and on it went. The typewritten record of the questioning of Robert Vernon, single-spaced on legal-sized sheets of paper, ran 11 pages and contained not one contradicted fact, nor one bit of information that was new to the investigators.

Even when he was confronted with the testimony of several girls who



worked for him as prostitutes, and who swore they had heard him voicing his hatred of Max Kassel, Vernon just brushed it off and said that if he killed everyone he hated, "London would be up to its neck in stiffs."

Asked why he had left England without notifying his parole officer, which meant automatically that he would be returned to serve the rest of his term, Vernon replied: "You take a chance crossing the street, too. If Al-lard hadn't been murdered, I'd have been back in jolly old England before anyone missed me."

**M**EANWHILE Inspector Belin was having more luck with hot-tempered Suzy Preston. From the start she admitted things which, while not immediately bearing on the murder, were highly significant and damaging. She made no bones about her "marriage of convenience" but defended it by saying it wasn't a crime. It was Max Kassel who had arranged it; and she had always known this to be his real name. So, she claimed, had Vernon.

"Didn't you belong to Max the Shark?" asked Belin.

"I don't belong to any man!" she snapped.

"Oh, he didn't go for you?"

The barb was deftly placed. Suzy glared at the inspector and burst out: "He'd have given me the moon if I wanted it. You think he arranged my 'marriage' just so I could work? Don't be a damn fool. He wanted me where he could get his hands on me."

"What about Vernon?"

"What about him?" she parried nervously.

"He had his hands on you, too. What did they do, take turns?" She shook her head.

"Both at the same time? I can't believe that!"

Again she shook her head.

"Speak up, Suzy!" cracked Belin. "How did you divide your affections?"

"It was mostly Max," she whimpered. "Robby just kept after me until—"

"Until he killed off Max!" Belin broke in. "Isn't that it?"

"Don't put words in my mouth!" Suzy wailed unhappily.

Belin, noting that she hadn't denied what he had said, shrewdly switched to another approach. He played up her undeniable appeal, sympathized with the fact that she probably always had men fighting over her, and it certainly wasn't her fault if that kind of thing led to trouble.

"Except," he went on smoothly, "if you don't tell us the whole truth and if it turns out that you knew about the murder, you'll be as guilty as the per-

son who committed the crime. If he hangs, so will you."

Belin let his fingers circle the girl's graceful throat, and although he didn't touch her, let alone put pressure on her, she swallowed hard and had trouble breathing. The rouge on her cheeks stood out vividly against the pallor of her skin.

"We know a woman was present," Belin continued, "when Kassel was lured to his death. And we can identify her."

"How?" Suzy Preston barely was able to force the word from her lips.

"Let me tell you the whole story," said the French inspector, smiling pleasantly as he pieced together his imagined reconstruction of the crime. "The Shark was giving a ring to this woman, and he had it specially inscribed. He was in a hurry for the engraving because that night he had an appointment with her, in her room. What he didn't know was that another man was waiting in the room, waiting to kill him."

"And what the man who killed him didn't know was that Max had the ring with him, the ring that will fit the finger of the woman for whom he had it made."

"He didn't!" burst out Suzy Preston. "There was no ring!"

Belin didn't bother pointing out to the girl that she had betrayed herself. He simply held out his left hand, palm up, and said: "Give me your hand."

**S**HE didn't have the strength to lift it up; so he seized it and, reaching into his pocket with his other hand, he took out the ring. He slid it on her finger. It fitted perfectly.

"But we looked through his pockets!" Suzy moaned. "He didn't have it with him!"

Belin eyed the girl appraisingly. Was she upset because the ring linked her to the murder—or because she wanted it and hadn't gotten her hands on it? There was sharp irony in the fact that she and Vernon had searched for the ring and had failed to find it because it was in such an obvious place: on the dead man's finger. Had he worn it to the girl's apartment so that he could flash it before her as soon as he entered? Or had he slipped it on when the fight started, hoping it might help him cut Vernon up? That much would never be known.

The French inspector's voice was now crisp and impersonal. He told Suzy Preston that she had 60 seconds to make up her mind. Either she would tell everything she knew or be prosecuted with Robert Vernon for murder.

The prostitute talked. She admitted that Kassel had come to her apartment

as he was accustomed to doing whenever he wanted to; but her affections had already been transferred to Vernon, who had been living with her for a short while. Kassel, in his attempt to win back her favors—in this weird struggle between two pimps for a prostitute—had had the star-sapphire ring made for her.

"September is my birth month," Suzy explained, "and the sapphire is my birthstone."

Unmoved by this sentimental gesture, however, Suzy had told Max that she "belonged" to Vernon. The two men then fought over her, with Vernon managing to club Kassel into submission. He dragged the limp body out of Suzy's flat, and that was the last she saw of Max the Shark. She herself "had a few drinks" and went to sleep.

Several hours afterward, Vernon returned and told her only that they were going on a trip "for his health." She had read of the murder in the Paris newspapers.

When Inspector Sharpe got word of the French girl's confession, he immediately broke the news to Vernon and made it clear that his neck was in the noose. The man's only chance for clemency, and a slim one it was, rested in his making a complete confession, too.

Vernon refused to believe that his mistress had talked. He thought it was a clumsy attempt to trick him into confessing.

So Robert Vernon and Suzy Preston were brought face to face, and the encounter between these two—diligently recorded by a police stenographer—makes strange reading. It hardly belonged in criminal annals.

**T**HE pair faced each other in that small room, where the eyes and ears of six police officers were focussed on what they were saying, and for a moment they stood silent and motionless. Then, as though Vernon had learned all he had to know from the anguished expression on Suzy Preston's face, he said aloud with remarkable calm: "It don't really matter. I've been a bloody mess since I was born."

The remark caught the French girl off guard, and in a torrent of remorse she burst out with a passionate declaration of love. In its intensity it embarrassed the police officials in the room, but neither Vernon nor Suzy Preston seemed aware of the others. Not, that is, until they tried to be together and found themselves restrained.

Then Suzy twisted her head and bit the hand that was holding her. With that she was free, and she flung herself upon the small, stoop-shouldered man with half-strangled cries of love and remorse. And Vernon, who could hard-



ly have been cast as a great lover, so poor was his physical appearance, embraced her with his one free hand and somehow managed to comfort her.

Afterward, he too confessed, knowing as he did that he was doomed to die. He seemed almost to desire death. He insisted that he alone was guilty, that he had taken Kassel in a borrowed car to a spot outside London, and that he had cold-bloodedly emptied the Mauser into his victim. His statements were so completely damning that there could be little doubt that he was weaving his own shroud.

He revealed that he had driven off after the shooting, but upon reflection he had decided to return, empty the dead man's pockets and transport the corpse farther away from London in a

desperate attempt to conceal his crime a little longer. On the way from England to France, he had dropped the murder weapon into the Channel.

Vernon's trial at the Old Bailey in London during April of 1936 was not a long one, nor were any sensational new disclosures made. Yet it received enormous publicity in the French and English press because details were made public for the first time on how prostitution rings were operating, particularly where "marriages" were arranged for the purpose.

Vernon was hanged on September 11, 1936. Suzy Preston was paid well for telling her story to European journalists; but when that money ran out, she returned to her old profession. Then she vanished from sight for many

years and was forgotten in the turmoil of World War II.

On March 11, 1955, the body of a middle-aged woman was discovered in the woods near Goderville in France. She had been strangled to death. Suzy Delatour Preston had lived through one murder, only to die in another. To date it has not been solved—there aren't even any suspects. The slaying is considered to be just the end-product of a drinking bout.

Ironically, the slaying of Suzy Preston in itself received little play in the French newspapers. It was just a good excuse for the re-telling of a more interesting murder: that of Max Kassel by Robert Vernon, when Suzy Preston's body was still very, very warm. ♦♦♦



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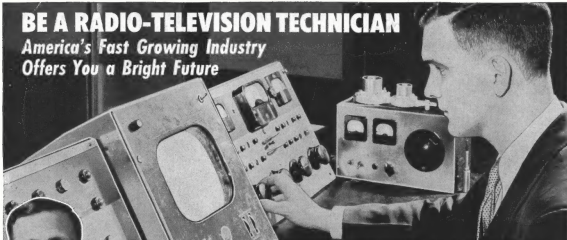
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